THE LOST WORLD
JURASSIC PARK

screenplay by

David Koepp

based on the novel by

Michael Crichton

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9/5/96	(blue)
9/6/96	(pink)
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1 EXT TROPICAL LAGOON DAY 1

A 135 foot luxury yacht is anchored just offshore in a tropical lagoon. The beach is a stunning crescent of white sand at the jungle fringe, utterly deserted.

"SITE B" *
87 miles southwest of Isla Nublar *

Two SHIP HANDS, dressed in white uniforms, have set up a picnic table with three chairs on the sand and are carefully laying out luncheon service -- fine china, silver, crystal decanters with red and white wine.

PAUL BOWMAN, fortyish, sits in a chair off to the side, reading. MRS. BOWMAN, painfully thin, with the perpetually surprised look of a woman who's had her eyes done more than once, supervises the setting of the table.

She looks up and sees a little girl, CATHY, seven or eight years old, wandering off down the beach.

MRS. BOWMAN
Cathy! Don't wander off!

Cathy keeps wandering.

MRS. BOWMAN (cont'd)
Come back! You can look for shells right here!

Cathy gestures, pretending she can't hear.

BOWMAN
(eyes still in his book)
Leave her alone.

MRS. BOWMAN
What about snakes?

BOWMAN
There's no snakes on a beach. Let her have fun, for once.

2 FURTHER DOWN THE BEACH, 2

Cathy keeps wandering away, MUTTERING to herself as her parents' quarreling voices fade in the distance.

CATHY
Please be quiet please be quiet please be quiet . . .

Rounding a curve in the beach, her parents disappear from view behind her. A RUSTLING sound draws her attention, and she turns, toward where the thick jungle foliage gives way to the sand.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

A large bush, maybe twelve feet tall, is moving, its branches swaying and shaking. Curious, Cathy walks up to the bush, which abruptly stops moving.

A small, lizard-like animal, dark green with brown stripes along its back, steps out from the bush. Only about a foot tall, it stands on its hind legs, balancing on its thick tail. It walks upright, bobbing its head like a chicken.

CATHY
Well, hello there!

The animal (a COMPSOGNATHUS) just stares at her. Cathy squats down on her haunches.

CATHY (cont'd)
What are you? A little bird or something?
(holding out a half-eaten sandwich) *
Are you hungry? Take a bite. It's *
roast beef. It's good. *

The compy bobs forward a few steps, cautiously.

CATHY (cont'd)
Come on. I won't hurt you.

The compy draws closer. Cathy extends the sandwich. The *
compy edges closer still, stretches out its head, and takes a *
bite. It rips the stringy meat free, chews, and swallows it *
greedily. Still hungry, it hops up onto the palm of her hand, *
hoping for more. *

Enchanted, Cathy breaks into an enormous grin and turns her head, calling back over her shoulder.

CATHY (cont'd)
Mom! Dad! You gotta come see this!
I found something!

She turns back.

Thirty more compys have come out onto the sand. They're standing there, bobbing anxiously, staring at her from a few feet away. Cathy's smile fades.

She turns her head slowly to the right. TWENTY MORE COMPYS have come in from that side, forming a semi-circle, bobbing and CHIRPING as they surround her.

CATHY (cont'd)
Wh-what do you guys want?

3 BACK ON THE BEACH, 3

the table is set. Mrs. Bowman calls out.

MRS. BOWMAN
Cathy, sweetheart! Lunch is ready!

From around the curve of the beach, a flock of birds bolts from the jungle trees as Cathy's shrill SCREAMS suddenly pierce the air.

MRS. BOWMAN (cont'd)
PAUL!

She takes off, running down the beach, Mr. Bowman leaps out of his chair and follows, and all available deck hands race off to help, kicking up geysers of sand behind them.

4 DOWN THE BEACH, 4

Mrs. Bowman stops dead in her tracks when she rounds the bend in the beach. We don't see what she sees, only hear the frenzied SQUEAKING of the strange compys. Mr. Bowman and the Hands race past her to help Cathy as Mrs. Bowman lets loose a horrified, slack-jawed SCREAM, her mouth a perfect oval.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT INGEN BOARD ROOM NIGHT 5 *

Mrs. Bowman's screaming face dissolves slowly over the yawning face of a bored CORPORATE EXECUTIVE. A DOZEN OTHER EXECUTIVES sit around a conference table in a boardroom, the logo on the wall tells us it's the InGen Corporation. This has the feel of an emergency meeting, it's nighttime and, while some of the Board Members are in suits, others look as if they were pulled in from home. PETER LUDLOW, late thirties, a man with the anxious look of someone on whose desk the buck stops, stands at the head of the table. *

LUDLOW
Gentlemen, thank you all for coming so quickly. *

He opens a file, pulls out a stack of black and white photographs, and tosses them on the table. We don't see the pictures, only the wincing faces of the Board Members as they pass them around. *

LUDLOW (cont'd)
These pictures were taken in a hospital in Costa Rica forty-eight hours ago, after a British family on a yacht cruise stumbled onto Site B. The little girl will be fine. *
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

LUDLOW (cont'd) (cont'd) *
Her parents, however, are wealthy, *
angry, and litigious. But that's *
hardly new to us. *
(opens another file) *
Wrongful death settlements, partial *
list: family of Donald Gennaro, 36.5 *
million dollars; family of John *
Arnold, 23 million; family of Robert *
Muldoon, 12.6 million. Damaged or *
destroyed equipment, 17.3 million. *
Demolition, de-construction, and *
disposal of Isla Nublar facilities, *
organic and inorganic, one hundred *
and twenty-six million dollars. The *
list goes on -- research funding, *
media payoffs. Silence is expensive. *

He's warming up. Not a bad performer. *

LUDLOW (cont'd) *
But this madness must stop. Now. *
The corporation has been bleeding *
from the throat for four years. You *
have sat patiently and listened to *
ecology lectures while John Hammond *
signed your checks and spent your *
money. You have watched your stock *
drop from seventy-eight and a quarter *
to nineteen flat with no good end in *
sight. And all along, we have held *
significant product assets that we *
have attempted to hide, at great *
expense, when we could have safely *
harvested them and displayed them for *
profit. Enormous profit. Enough *
income to wipe out four years of *
lawsuits and damage control and *
unpleasant infighting. And the one *
thing, the only thing standing *
between us and this windfall is Mr. *
Hammond, a born-again naturalist who *
happens to be our own CEO. Believe *
me, I do not enjoy having to say *
these things about my own uncle. But *
I don't work for Mother Nature. I *
work for you. *

He gestures to two ASSISTANTS, who immediately distribute *
documents from a stack. Ludlow takes one and reads from it. *

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 2 5

LUDLOW (cont'd) *
"Whereas the Chief Executive *
Officer has engaged in wasteful and *
negligent business practices to *
further his own personal *
environmental beliefs -- *
Whereas these practices have *
affected the financial performance of *
the company by incurring significant *
losses -- *
Whereas the shareholders have been *
materially harmed by these losses -- *
Thereby, be it resolved that John *
Parker Hammond should be removed from *
the office of Chief Executive *
Officer, effective immediately." I *
move the resolution be put to a vote. *
Do I have a second? *

BOARD MEMBER 2 *
I second the motion. Mr. Nicholas, *
please poll the members by a show of *
hands. *

A SENIOR BOARD MEMBER sighs heavily, feeling like a traitor. *

SENIOR BOARD MEMBER *
All those in favor of InGen Corporate *
Resolution 213C, please signify your *
approval by raising your right hand. *

It starts slowly, guiltily, but one by one, every hand in the *
room goes up. *

CUT TO:

6 INT SUBWAY STATION DAY 6

DR. IAN MALCOLM, fortyish, dressed in black from head to toe, *
waits for a train. There's a hard wisdom in Malcolm's eyes *
that may not have been there a few years ago. He knows what you think, and he doesn't care.

A ROAR fills the tunnel, a deep, guttural sound like an animal's angry bellow. The light over Malcolm's face starts
to strobe wildly, his hair flies, brakes SCREAM, and a subway *
THUNDERS to a stop at the platform.

7 INT SUBWAY CAR DAY 7

MALCOLM finds a seat on the crowded subway car and sits down. He looks awful. Tired. Weathered. He notices a CURIOUS MAN across from him is staring at him. Nervy, the Curious Man gets up and approaches.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

MALCOLM
(under his breath)
Shit.

The Curious Man sits down next to Malcolm, grinning.

MAN
You're him, aren't you?

MALCOLM
Excuse me?

MAN
The guy. The scientist. I saw you on TV.
(conspiratorially)
_I_ believed you.

No response from Malcolm. The guy leans in even closer.

MAN (cont'd)
Roooooarrr.

Malcolm gets up and moves to another seat on the car, away from the Curious Man. As he sits down, he notices two other COMMUTERS across from him are staring at him, that special look reserved for those involved in some kind of scandal.

Malcolm looks at them. They look away. He pulls the collar of his coat up tight around him.

CUT TO:

8 INT HAMMOND'S APARTMENT - FOYER DAY 8

A BUTLER addresses us.

BUTLER
Whom shall I tell Mr. Hammond is calling?

MALCOLM stands in the foyer of an expensively decorated Park Avenue apartment.

MALCOLM
Just tell him it's his nemesis.

As the Butler turns to go down the hall, a little dog comes YAPPING down the hallway, bounds over to Malcolm, and tries to bite his cuff. With one neat sweep of his foot, Malcolm sends the dog YELPING back across the tile.

The Butler stops in the hallway and turns back, disapproving. *

8 CONTINUED: 8

BUTLER
Not an animal lover, I see.

MALCOLM
Used to be.

The Butler turns and disappears into the hallway. While he waits, Malcolm notices two GUYS IN SUITS (Ludlow's assistants from the board room) also waiting in the foyer, holding large file cases. He looks at them, curious, but looks away as TWO KIDS come out the hallway the Butler went down. *

The kids stop when they see Malcolm, staring at him for a moment, surprised. Malcolm stares back, just as surprised, recognizing them in the tentative manner of disaster survivors. LEX, the girl, a pretty young woman with an honest, open face, walks up to him and gives him a hug. TIM breaks into a big smile. *

LEX *
Hello, Dr. Malcolm. *

MALCOLM *
Lex. Tim. Man. Look at you guys. *

TIM *
You came to see Grandpa? *

MALCOLM *
Yeah, he called me. *
(of the Guys in Suits) *
It's kinda creepy around here, is *
everything all right? *

Lex and Tim look at each other. Something is wrong, but they don't quite know how to say it. *

LEX *
Well, not exactly... *

Before she can answer, PETER LUDLOW walks out the same hall the Butler went down, carrying a sheaf of papers. He sees Malcolm and hesitates, then smiles tightly. They know and dislike each other. *

LUDLOW *
Dr. Malcolm. Here to share a few *
campfire stories with my uncle? *

While they talk, Ludlow gives the files to the Guys in Suits, who check each page for signatures before flipping them shut and re-filing them in their large filing briefcases. *

With a look toward Lex and Tim, Malcolm pulls Ludlow aside and lowers his voice. *

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM
Do me a favor, Ludlow. Don't ever pretend you and I don't know the truth. You can convince Time magazine and the Skeptical Inquirer of whatever you want, but I was there. I know what happened, and so do you. *

LUDLOW
Do you actually believe everyone who chose discretion did so from nefarious motives, Doctor? Even Lex and Tim here -- *

He turns to them, to address them, but Malcolm pulls him back. *

MALCOLM
Leave them out of this. It isn't a game. *

LUDLOW
No. It isn't. You signed a non-disclosure agreement before you went to the island that expressly forbade you from discussing anything you saw. You violated that agreement. *

MALCOLM
And you lied! You twisted the facts surrounding the deaths of three people, you stuffed misinformation down the public's throat, which made me look like a nut, hasn't been so good for my livelihood --

LUDLOW
We made a generous compensatory offer for your injuries.

MALCOLM
It was a payoff and an insult. When you spin reality, when you cover up evidence, it hurts, it ruins more than just my reputation, it --

LUDLOW
As I understand it, your university revoked your tenure for selling wild stories to the press, I hardly see how that's my-

8 CONTINUED: 3 8

MALCOLM
I didn't sell anything, I didn't take a penny, I told the truth.

LUDLOW
Your version of it.

MALCOLM
There are no versions of the truth. InGen cannot just invent --

8 CONTINUED: 4 8

LUDLOW
InGen is my responsibility now, Dr. Malcolm, and I will jealously defend its interests.

Malcolm looks at him suspciously.

MALCOLM
Your responsibility? What about Hammond?

LUDLOW
It is our board of directors which I must look in the eye, not my uncle. Really, you must take my word, these problems of yours are about to be moot. And in a few weeks, they'll be long forgotten.

He starts to walk out, but Malcolm catches him by the arm.

MALCOLM
Not by me.

CUT TO:

9 INT HAMMOND'S BEDROOM DAY 9

JOHN HAMMOND, wearing a hearing aid, lies in bed. Medical equipment has been disguised as well as possible among the furniture and flowers in his room, but the sheer abundance of it tells us that whatever has stricken Mr. Hammond is going to win this battle. Around Hammond's bedside, there are pictures of his children and grandchildren, shots from the early stages of the park as he was building it. MALCOLM stands next to him, taken aback by Hammond's weakened condition. *

HAMMOND *
You were right -- and I was wrong. There! Did you ever think you'd hear me say such a thing? Spectacularly wrong. Instead of observing those animals, I tried to control them. I squandered an opportunity and we still know next to nothing about their lives. Not their lives as man would have them, behind electric fences, but their behavior in the wild, the impossible dream of any paleontologist. *

MALCOLM *
Yeah. Well. I guess that's all in the past. So to speak. *

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

HAMMOND *
Thank God for Site B. *

Malcolm just looks at him, not understanding. *

HAMMOND (cont'd) *
(a glint in his eye) *
Didn't it all seem a trifle compact *
to you? The hatchery, in particular? *

MALCOLM *
What are you talking about? *

HAMMOND *
You know my initial yields had to be *
low, far less than one percent, *
that's a thousand embryos for every *
single live birth. Genetic *
engineering on that scale implies a *
giant operation, not the spotless *
little laboratory I showed you. *

MALCOLM *
(go on) *
Uh huh. *

HAMMOND *
Isla Nublar was just a showroom, *
something for the tourists, Site B *
was the factory floor. It was on *
Isla Sorna, eighty miles from Nublar. *
We bred the animals there, nursed *
them until they were a few months *
old, then moved them to the park. *

MALCOLM *
(like an acid flashback) *
No, no, no, no, no, no... *

HAMMOND *
After the accident at the park, *
Hurricane Clarisse wiped out our *
facility on Site B. Call it an act *
of God. We had to evacuate and the *
animals were released to mature on *
their own. By now there is a *
complete ecological system on this *
island, dozens of species living in *
social groups, without fences, *
boundaries, or constraining *
technology. For four years I've *
fought to keep it safe from human *
interference. *

MALCOLM *
Then it's the first thing you've done right! That island has to be quarantined and contained, immediately! I'm in shock about all this, that they're even alive. You bred them lysine-deficient, didn't you? They should've died after seven days without supplemental enzymes. *

HAMMOND *
But by God, they're flourishing, aren't they?! It's one of a thousand questions I want the team to answer. *

MALCOLM *
"Team?" *

While Hammond talks, the old enthusiasm returns and he struggles out of bed and to his feet, making his way across the room to his desk, which is jammed with files and papers, photographs, maps. *

HAMMOND *
I've organized an expedition to go in and document them, to make the most spectacular living fossil record the world has ever seen. *

MALCOLM *
You're sending people in?! Are you joking?! *

HAMMOND *
The animals won't even know they're there. Very low impact, strictly observation and documentation. Four members only. *

MALCOLM *
Four people?! If you must go in there, you go in with the National Guard! *

HAMMOND *
That isn't necessary. *

Hammond hits a switch on his computer, calling up a shifting map on screen. There is the outline of an island, with multi-colored blobs grouped in various places. Next to each group of blobs, there is an abbreviated scientific name. *

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 3 9

HAMMOND (cont'd)

Our satellite infrareds show the animals are fiercely territorial, they demarcate and defend specific areas and stay in them. The carnivores are isolated mostly in the interior of the island, so the team will stay on the outer rim. Don't worry, I'm not making the same mistakes again.

MALCOLM

No, you're making all new ones. Who are these four lunatics?

HAMMOND

Nick van Owen, a video documentarian; Eddie Carr, a field equipment specialist; we also have a paleontologist -- and I hope you will be the fourth.

MALCOLM

Do you even listen when I speak?

HAMMOND

Ian, you have always been my harshest critic. If you come out as an advocate with me, I know we can beat them.

MALCOLM

Beat who?

HAMMOND

InGen. We've been on the verge of Chapter 11 ever since the accident at the park. There are those in the company who've wanted to exploit Site B to bail us out, they've been planning it for years, and until now I've been able to stop them. But a few weeks ago a British family on a yacht cruise stumbled across the island, and their little girl was injured. She'll be fine, but the board has used the incident to take control of InGen away from me. It's now just a matter of time before this Lost World is found and pillaged. Public opinion is the one thing I can use to preserve it. To rally that kind of support, I'll need a complete photo record of those animals, alive, in their natural habitat.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 4 9

MALCOLM
How did you ever go from capitalist to naturalist in only four years?

HAMMOND
This is my last chance to give something of real value to the world. I will not be known only for my failures, and you are too smart and too proud to let yourself go down in history as a mad scientist. It's a chance at redemption for both of us.

MALCOLM
That's selfish and grandiose. No, John, of course I won't go. *And* I'm going to contact every member of your team and stop *them* from going.
(picks up file from the desk)
You didn't mention the name of the paleontologist. Who did you get?

Hammond looks away guiltily.

HAMMOND
She came to *me*. I just want you to know that.

MALCOLM
Who did?

HAMMOND
Leave it to you, Ian, to have associations, affiliations, even liaisons with the best people in so many fields...

MALCOLM
You didn't bring *Sarah* into this?!

HAMMOND
Paleontological behavior study is a brand new field, and Sarah Harding is on the frontier.

MALCOLM
Stop --

HAMMOND
Her theories on parenting and nurturing among carnivores have framed the debate, who *else* could have -- what are you doing?

9 CONTINUED: 5 9

MALCOLM *
(searching the desk) *
Where's your phone? *

HAMMOND *
You're too late. She's already *
there. *

Malcolm stops and turns, a terrified look on his face. *

HAMMOND (cont'd) *
The others are meeting her in three *
days. *

MALCOLM *
You sent my girlfriend to this island *
alone? *

HAMMOND *
"Sent" is hardly the word, she *
couldn't be restrained! She was *
already working in San Diego, doing *
some research at the animal park, *
it's only a few hours by plane from *
there. And she was adamant about *
making the initial foray by herself. *
Thinks she's Dian Fossey, *
"observation without interference," *
she said, went on and on about it. *
You know how she is, after you were *
injured in the park, she sought *
you out, didn't she, travelled all *
the way down to the hospital in Costa *
Rica to ask someone she didn't even *
know if the rumors were true! *

MALCOLM *
John, if you want to leave your name *
on something, fine, but stop putting *
it on other peoples' headstones! *

HAMMOND *
She's going to be fine. She's spent *
years studying African predators, *
sleeping downwind from lions and so *
forth -- she knows what she's doing. *
Believe me, the research team will *
take every possible pre- *

MALCOLM *
It's not a research expedition any *
more. It's a rescue mission and it's *
leaving tonight. *

CUT TO:

10 INT MOMBASSA BAR DAY 10

ROLAND TEMBO, late sixties, skin like leather and the diamond hard look of a cobra, sits at a table in the middle of an African cafe/bar in Mombassa.

It's daytime and the place is half full, mostly with locals, but there are a few obnoxious TOURISTS too, Americans on safari who somehow found the local hangout.

They're a noisy bunch, but Roland tunes them out, calmly eating his lunch and drinking a beer while he reads a book, eyeglasses hanging low on his nose.

Roland suddenly stops reading and furrows his brow. He looks up. He SNIFFS the air once, then smiles and calls out a person's name.

ROLAND
Ajay?

He turns around. AJAY (AH-jay) SIDHU, a wiry East Indian in his late forties, is standing behind him, caught trying to sneak up.

AJAY
(delighted)
How did you know?

ROLAND
(taps his nose)
That cheap aftershave I send you every Christmas, you actually wear it. I'm touched. Sit down, sit down, what brings you to Mombassa?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

Behind them, the group of TOURISTS, all men, laughs loudly. One of them, the MOST OBNOXIOUS TOURIST, berates the WAITRESS.

AJAY
I got a call from a gentleman who's going to Costa Rica, or thereabouts. If he's to be believed, it's a most, uh, unique expedition. And very well-funded.

ROLAND
Well, I'm a very well-funded old son of a bitch. You go.

The Most Obnoxious Tourist bellows for the Waitress. His buddies LAUGH. Roland throws a glance, annoyed.

AJAY
But alone? We always had great success together, you and I.

ROLAND
Just a little bit too much, I think.

AJAY
How do you mean?

ROLAND
A true hunter doesn't mind if the animal wins. But there weren't enough escapes from you and me, Ajay. It all became a tedious routine, didn't it? We were a firing squad -- and overqualified, don't you think?

AJAY
I have reason to believe you'd find this challenging.

ROLAND
Then it's probably illegal. These days, it's a more serious crime to shoot a tiger than to shoot your own parents. Tigers have advocates.

The Waitress comes to the Tourists' table and the Most Obnoxious Tourist actually paws her ass. Roland is out of his chair in a second.

ROLAND (cont'd)
(to Ajay)
Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 2 10

Roland walks over to the Tourists' table, says something to the Waitress in the local dialect, and she walks away, behind him. He stares down at the Most Obnoxious Tourist.

ROLAND (cont'd)
You, sir -- are no gentleman.

TOURIST
Is that supposed to be an insult?

ROLAND
I can think of none greater.

The Tourist looks at his Buddies and laughs.

TOURIST
Buzz off, you silly old bastard.

ROLAND
What do I have to do to pick a fight with you, bring your mother into it?

TOURIST
Are you kidding? I could take you with one arm tied down.

ROLAND
Is that so?

11 IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR, 11

the WAITER finishes tying a man's wrist to his belt in the back of his pants with a napkin. He pulls the knot tight and the man turns around. It's Roland, with his arm tied down. The Tourist stands across from him.

TOURIST
I meant my arm.

POW! Roland punches him square in the jaw. The Tourist reels, stunned. Enraged, he lunges at Roland, swinging with both arms.

Roland bobs, neatly ducking the punches, waits for the Tourist to turn around, and POPS him in the face. The Tourist recovers and lunges at Roland.

This time Roland doesn't punch, he weaves to the left and throws a hip, augmenting it with a foot sweep.

The Tourist loses his balance and sails into a table, flipping it over and wiping out an OLDER COUPLE's lunch. He lands hard, the table on top of him.

A cloud of sawdust and a loud CHEER from the locals rise up in the bar.

12 BACK AT HIS TABLE, 12

Roland drops the napkin on the table and sits back down with Ajay. In the background, the Tourist's Buddies hurriedly carry their fallen cohort out of the bar.

ROLAND
Sorry. We were saying?

AJAY
You broke that man's jaw for no reason other than your boredom. Tell the truth, Roland. Aren't you even interested in knowing this expedition's quarry?

ROLAND
Ajay. Go on up to my ranch, take a look around the trophy room, and tell me what kind of quarry you think could possibly be of any interest to me.

Ajay just smiles.

CUT TO:

13 INT MOBILE FIELD SYSTEMS NIGHT 13

In a large warehouse, the SPARKS of an acetylene torch fly as WORKMEN make modifications on several vehicles, including several dark-green Mercedes Benz AAVs (all-activity vehicles). The hood of one of the AAVs is up and the V-6 engine has been pulled out; a new, smaller engine is lowered in its place.

The warehouse hums with activity as the Workmen scramble to meet a deadline. A WORKMAN connects a flexible cable to the AAV's power winch and flicks it on. The other end of the cable is connected to a pile of titanium struts in the middle of the garage floor, and as the cable turns, the strut assembly begins to rise. The emerging structure climbs, spidery, struts unfolding, fifteen feet into the air.

EDDIE CARR, fortyish, confronts MALCOLM, who carries a satellite phone, a bright green handset that attaches to a heavy battery base. He dials the phone and waits for an answer while Eddie talks.

EDDIE
You can't shave three days off my deadline and expect everything to be ready! We're not fully supplied, I haven't field tested any of this --

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM
(hanging up the phone)
Damn it! What's the point of giving her a satellite phone if it doesn't work?! What's the matter with it?

EDDIE
Could be anything. Solar flares, a satellite out of synch, maybe she even turned it off.

MALCOLM *
Maybe she doesn't know how to use it. *

EDDIE *
You kidding? She faxed me refinements on half the plans for this stuff. * * *

Frustrated, Malcolm BANGS the handset off the base, trying to jar a signal out of it.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Gently. Gently. Ya gotta baby it a little bit. Ya gotta love it.

MALCOLM
I'll love it when it works.

EDDIE
And it'll work when you love it.

A battered white van ROARS through the door of the garage, pulling in backwards, and comes to a stop in the middle of the floor. NICK VAN OWEN, a good-looking American man in his late twenties, hops out. He's crabby.

NICK
Thanks for the two minute warning, Eddie. Where the hell is the fire? *

He slides open the cargo door of the van with a BANG and starts unloading photographic equipment -- video cameras, cables, metal supply cases.

EDDIE
Nick van Owen, Ian Malcolm. Nick's our field photographer. *

MALCOLM
What's your background? Wildlife photography?

NICK
(while unloading the van)
Wildlife, combat, you name it. When I was with Nightline I was in Rwanda, Chechnya, all over Bosnia. Do some volunteer for Greenpeace once in a while.

MALCOLM
(rolls his eyes)
Greenpeace, yeah, that's just what we need. What drew you there?

NICK
Women. 'Bout eighty percent female in Greenpeace.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM
Very noble.

NICK
Noble was last year. This year I'm getting paid. Hammond's check cleared, that's the only reason I'm going on this wild goose chase.

MALCOLM
Where you're going is the only place in the world where the geese chase you.

Nick looks at him, unconvinced.

NICK
Uh huh.

Behind them, across the garage, a large metal cage CRASHES down from the ceiling, landing on the floor with a deafening CLANG. They turn and look. A WORKMAN waves from the top of the spidery structure they've just raised, from which the metal cage was tossed. *

WORKMAN
Sorry, Eddie! Specs say it can't deform at 12,000 PSI, we had to test it!

MALCOLM
What the hell is that?

EDDIE
It's a high hide. That cage goes up on top of a titanium scaffold. Keeps the researchers out of harm's way. *

MALCOLM
Actually, it might just put them at a very convenient biting height.

A VOICE speaks up from behind them. *

VOICE (o.s.)
Hi, Dad. *

They turn around. KELLY MALCOLM, an African-American girl around twelve years old, stands behind them, impressed by all the goings-on.

MALCOLM
Kelly! What took you so long?

13 CONTINUED: 4 13

KELLY
Sor-ree. Couldn't get a cab.

MALCOLM
I have to talk to you.

She looks at him, suspicious, reading his face.

KELLY
You're going away. Again.

CUT TO:

14 OMITTED 14 *

15 INT EDDIE'S OFFICE NIGHT 15

KELLY is slumped in a chair in Eddie's office next to the construction floor. MALCOLM sits on the desk in front of her. Outside the glass windows, work on the vehicles continues unabated. Kelly looks at a slip of paper in her hand.

KELLY
I don't even know this woman.

MALCOLM
What do you mean, it's Karen. You've known her for, for ten years.

KELLY
She doesn't even have Sega(TM). She's such a troglodyte.

MALCOLM
That's very cruel. But a good word use.

KELLY
Why can't I stay with Sarah?

MALCOLM
Sarah's -- out of town. Karen is fantastic. She said she'd take you horseback riding, to the movies, you're going to have a fantastic time.

KELLY
Stop saying fantastic. Where are you going?

MALCOLM
It doesn't matter, it's only for a few days.

15 CONTINUED: 15

MALCOLM (cont'd)
I wouldn't go if it wasn't a life --
(stops himself)
-- if it wasn't extremely important.

KELLY
I'm your daughter all the time, you know. You can't just abandon me every time opportunity knocks. *

MALCOLM
Gee, that hurts my feelings. Your mother tell you to say that?

From the construction floor, EDDIE calls out.

EDDIE (o.s.)
Dr. Malcolm! Come here a minute!

MALCOLM
Look, I know we've had some hard times, but I thought we really figured it out the last couple years. It's been better, hasn't it?

KELLY
Yeah, but I want you to crack on me a little bit! You know, ground me or something, send me to my room. You never do any of that.

He sits down next to her.

MALCOLM
Why should I? Because you turned out to be so beautiful and brilliant and funny and powerful and generous? The queen. The goddess. My inspiration.

EDDIE (o.s.)
Dr. Malcolm!

KELLY
I could come with you. I could be your research assistant, like I was in Austin.

MALCOLM
This is nothing like Austin.

KELLY
You like to have kids, you just don't want to be with them, do you?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 2 15

MALCOLM
Hey, _I'm_ not the one who dumped you here and split for Paris, okay? So don't take it out on me.

Kelly looks down. Malcolm winces immediately. Now he's hurt her feelings. Eddie calls out a third time, impatiently. Malcolm gets up. He pauses at the door.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
I'm sorry. Look, you want some good parental advice? Don't listen to me.

16 INT MAIN FLOOR NIGHT 16

While MALCOLM and EDDIE argue over something in the background, KELLY comes out of the office and notices something. To one side of the garage are two long trailers, connected by an accordion-like passageway, like on a subway car, allowing one to be towed behind the other. * * * *

Kelly circles around the trailers, curious, and looks up at the windows. They're all made of tempered glass, fine wire mesh inside it. She looks around, to see if anybody's watching. They're not, so she quickly slips inside the front trailer.

17 INT TRAILER NIGHT 17

Inside, the trailer is a miracle of planning and design. It's divided into sections, for different laboratory functions. The main area is a biological lab, with specimen trays, dissecting pans, and microscopes that connect to video monitors.

Next to it there's an extensive computer section, a bank of processors, and a communications section.

All the lab equipment is miniaturized and built into small tables that slide into the walls. Everything is bolted down.

She notices a large map on the wall. Off the coast of Costa Rica, there is an area that has been circled in heavy black ink. Kelly puts a finger on the map, crossing westward, through the Pacific Ocean.

There are dozens of islands out here, but in the highlighted region, there is a semi-circle of five. Matanceros. Muerte. Tacano. Pena. And _Sorna_.

Underneath the whole island chain, there is a bold legend -- "Las Cinco Muertes." Slowly, an _ocean barge_ starts to chug its way across the face of the map.

DISSOLVE TO:

18 EXT OPEN SEA DAY 18

The map dissolves away as the barge SPLASHES through five foot ocean swells. The barge is crammed with equipment, two AAVs, and the trailers.

19 ON THE BOAT, 19

MALCOLM stands in the bow, riding the choppy seas. NICK adjusts the rigging on some strapped down equipment while EDDIE, seasick, is bent over the rail.

EDDIE
(as the waves pound the boat)
Couldn't -- we just -- airlift -- into the -- island?

MALCOLM
Helicopters are too disruptive. If Sarah's in a delicate situation, the last thing I want to do is cause a stampede. *

Nick stifles a smile. Malcolm notices.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
John Hammond has already told you what you're going to see on this island. Being sane people, I'm sure you don't believe him. And I'm sure you've concluded that I'm out of my mind too. I won't bother trying to convince you otherwise. But even if you think I'm deluded and harmless, I promise you, this place is not. There are things on the island that not only can kill you, they want to kill you. If you take this place lightly, you'll never leave it.

EDDIE
"Lightly?" You haven't met my girlfriend. *

MOMENTS LATER,

Eddie smacks a metal case down on the deck of the boat and flips a couple latches. He opens it, revealing a heavy silver rifle, an aluminum canister hanging beneath the barrel. *

EDDIE
Lindstradt air rifle. Fires a subsonic Fluger impact-delivery dart. *

He cracks open the cartridge bank, revealing a row of plastic containers filled with straw-colored liquid. Each is tipped with a three inch needle and carries a bright yellow warning tag -- "EXTREME DANGER! LETHAL TOXICITY!" *

Malcolm resumes trying to get through on the satellite phone. *

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM *
Does it work any better than your *
satellite phone? *

EDDIE (cont'd) *
I loaded the enhanced venom of Conus *
purpurascens, the South Sea cone *
shell. Most powerful neurotoxin in *
the world. Acts within a *
two-thousandth of a second. Faster *
than the nerve-conduction velocity. *
The animal's down before it feels the *
prick of the dart. *

MALCOLM *
Is there an antidote? *

EDDIE *
Like if you shoot yourself in the *
foot? Wouldn't matter. You'd be *
dead before you realized you'd had an *
accident. *

20 EXT OPEN SEA DAY 20

Far in the distance, the tiny dot of a volcanic island rises out of the sea.

21 EXT BOAT DAY 21

The boat's CAPTAIN, a Costa Rican, points ahead and SHOUTS to them.

CAPTAIN
Aca esta!

They all turn and look out over the bow. Up ahead, sheer, reddish-gray cliffs of volcanic rock rise dramatically out of the fog-heavy ocean.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Isla Sorna!

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

The Captain turns and looks apprehensively at his thirteen year old SON, his only crew on the boat. The boat ROARS ahead, plowing into a heavy wreath of fog. The mist swirls and encircles it.

22 EXT ISLAND FIORD DAY 22

A narrow inlet cuts through the steep cliffs, leading to the island interior. The barge bursts through the fog at the mouth of the fiord and heads deeper into the island.

23 EXT LAGOON DAY 23

Lush green plants drip everywhere in this verdant lagoon. Sulfurous yellow steam issues from the ground, bleaching the nearby foliage white. In the distance one can hear the cries of JUNGLE BIRDS.

The boat is now beached and the trailers back down a narrow ramp onto the soft clay shore at the edge of the lagoon. There is a large three-toed animal imprint in the clay at water's edge, and one of the AAVs backs right over it, swapping its track for the animal's. *

MALCOLM is at the edge of the water with the CAPTAIN. NICK stands between them, translating while EDDIE looks on. The Captain seems fearful, one armed draped protectively around his SON.

NICK
He says he wants to anchor a few miles offshore, not here. He's heard too many stories about this island chain.

MALCOLM
What kind of stories?

NICK
Que tipo de cuentos?

CAPTAIN
De pescadores. Que se acercaron demasiado a las islas y nunca volvieron.

NICK
Stories about fishermen who came too close to the islands, and they never returned.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

CAPTAIN	NICK
Tengo la radio, tengo el telefono de satelite. Cuando me necesitas, llamame. Podemos estar aqui en dos horas. Pero no me quedare en este lugar. No me quedare en ningun lugar cerca de estas islas. Se llaman Las Cinco Muertes.	"I have the radio, I have the satellite phone. When you need me, send the call. We can be here in two hours. But I won't stay in this place. I won't stay anywhere near these islands. They call them the -- "

Nick stops.

NICK (cont'd)
(to the Captain)
"Las Cinco Muertes?"

CAPTAIN
Si.

EDDIE
What does that mean?

NICK
"The Five Deaths."

For the first time, Nick's face distinctly registers concern. He notices Malcolm is staring at him. Nick turns away and picks up his pack.

CUT TO:

24 EXT GRASSY PLAIN DAY 24

The double trailers pull to the edge of a grassy plain just beyond the lagoon, overlooking the interior of the island. The noon sun is high overhead; below, the valley shimmers in midday heat.

MALCOLM looks around apprehensively, the beauty of the place completely lost on him. He mutters to himself.

MALCOLM
You just don't appreciate electric *
fences till they're gone. *

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

A cone shaped receiving dish opens on top of the trailer with a soft HUM. NICK looks from it to Eddie.

NICK
What's that?

EDDIE
Global Positioning Sensor.

He slides an optical disc into a small, hand-held monitor. MALCOLM comes and looks over his shoulder skeptically. The outline of the island appears on the monitor, but largely obscured by patches of clouds.

MALCOLM
Looks like it's bouncing off the cloud cover.

EDDIE
Give it a minute. It's reading the optical. Waystations are coming up. *
*

NICK
Data from what?

EDDIE
Radar. Navigational satellites.

Now the radar penetrates the clouds and the image on the monitor fills in, tracing edges, enhancing details, providing a high-quality map of the island. A blinking red X appears in the lower corner, near the edge of the island.

EDDIE (cont'd)
That's us right there. And I built a location sensor into Dr. Harding's satellite phone, so we should be getting a readout right about . . .

Suddenly a red triangle appears a short distance away from the X, accompanied by an ID tag -- "HRDG," it says.

EDDIE (cont'd)
There's our girl.
(to Malcolm)
See, Doc? Everything's under control.

MALCOLM
Her phone is safe. I'm so relieved. You've got the rifle?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 2 24

Eddie picks up the Lindstradt and slings it over a shoulder.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Let's go. And the second we get her, we're out of here.

NICK
Speak for yourself. For the amount of zeroes on my paycheck, John Hammond is going to get his money's worth.

CUT TO:

25 EXT JUNGLE TRAIL DAY 25

The hand-held monitor blinks in MALCOLM's hands as he makes his way along a jungle trail. EDDIE leads the way, Lindstradt rifle at the ready. Beside Malcolm, NICK chews anxiously on a piece of gum. On the monitor, the flashing X is drawing closer to the HRDG marker, which isn't moving.

They come out of the foliage and into a dry stream bed fifteen yards wide. On the monitor, the X now overlaps the HRDG signal. Malcolm looks around frantically.

MALCOLM
She should be here, we're right on top of it --

NICK
Over there!

A short distance away, a battered backpack lies on the ground, a torn and dirty shirt splayed out beside it. Nick picks up the backpack, which is frayed, torn, and smeared with dirt. *
Is it old and worn or a sign of something worse? *

EDDIE
Oh, my God . . .

Malcolm rifles through the pack and finds her satellite phone. He pulls the handset free of its heavy base and shoves it in his pocket. He loops the pack over one shoulder. *

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

NICK
She must be nearby, if we split up
we'll cover more --

MALCOLM
Absolutely not. We stay together.
Predators look for strays that have
split off from the group.

NICK
We'll be close, I'll search the *
foliage on this side of the stream
bed --

Is it our imagination, or did the trees behind him just sway?

NICK (cont'd)
-- one of you guys stay in the center
and the other take the far edge.
We'll keep within shouting range of
each other and call out every --

No, it's not us, the trees behind Nick now shiver and sway from left to right, CREAKING and GROANING as they move. Nick hears it and turns around. The trees sway again, something in them moving along the stream bed. Malcolm gestures to Eddie, who readies his weapon.

Nick slides a three quarter inch tape into his video camera and swings it up onto his shoulder.

The shaking trees seem closer now. By walking down the streambed, the humans are tracking right along with whatever's moving in the foliage.

Ahead of them, thick foliage blocks the path of the dried up stream bed to a height of about fifteen feet. But around them, the CRASHING sounds get louder and closer, the swaying trees shiver right beside them. Through the trees, Eddie gets a glimpse of something and leaps back two steps.

MALCOLM
What?!

EDDIE
Something big.

MALCOLM
How big?!

EDDIE
Big enough to worry about!

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 2 25

He raises the rifle in defense as the trees right at the edge of the streambed sway and part.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 3 25

Above the foliage, they see the sudden movement --

-- of a row of STEGOSAUR fins. The spade-shaped fins run along a ridge down the middle of the animal's back, about three feet tall each.

The group freezes, amazed, and as the stegosaur continues on, they get a good look at it through a break in the foliage.

It's a large dinosaur with a small head, a thick neck, and a huge lumbering body. A double row of plates runs along the crest of its back, and it has a dragging tail with long spikes in it.

The gum drops out of Nick's mouth, PLOPS onto his shirt, and sticks there.

A second stegosaur, a juvenile half the size of the first animal, breaks through the foliage, following the adult. *

While the group is reacting to that, the earth vibrates and a third stego, by far the biggest of the three, walks out of the foliage right behind them, crossing within ten feet, apparently unconcerned about these little creatures in its environment.

Eddie bursts into almost helpless laughter, of all things, as he can't contain his astonishment. Malcolm covers his mouth, trying to keep him quiet. The stegosaurs lumber into the foliage on the other side of the stream bed. The group follows them into the bush.

26 IN THE BUSH, 26

Malcolm and the others crawl through the foliage after the animals. The largest of the stegosaurs plows through a thick canopy of brush, suddenly opening up their view of a large clearing, in which --

-- there's a whole HERD OF STEGOSAURS. Eight in all, the stegos range from infants all the way up to adults. *

The three humans stare in awe at the magnificent sight. Nick works quickly, pulling a small digital camera out of his backpack and positioning it on a monopod he sticks in the ground. Next to the camera, a cable leads to a disk drive with a cellular antenna on top of it, for remote transmission. * * * * *

While Nick works, Malcolm scans the clearing, looking for any sign of Sarah. Right at the edge of the herd, crouched delicately behind a rock pile, he sees her. SARAH HARDING. Around thirty and with an athletic body built for the outdoors, Sarah is dressed in field gear, scribbling notes on a pad she has strapped to her left wrist.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

She turns around as the big stego plods past her and she notices the people crouched in the foliage.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

She breaks into a wide, friendly grin and waves to them. Nick looks at Malcolm, impressed.

NICK
She's gutty.

MALCOLM
She's nuts.

EDDIE
This is -- this is magnificent!

MALCOLM
Yeah, "oooh," "aaah," that's how it always starts. Screaming and running comes later.

Sarah scurries over to them, whispering with breathless excitement as she joins them in the bushes.

SARAH
Ian, I'm so happy you're here! Is it Wednesday already? I lost track of the time. Who's got a granola bar or something? I'm starving. Those animals that just walked by, did you seem 'em? It was a family group, a pair bond and a sub-adult, long after the juvenile was nestbound. Every egg clutch I've seen has empty shells crushed and trampled, the hatchlings definitely stay in the birth environment for an extended time, that's conclusive, I can put that controversy to rest for good if I can just get a shot of the nest.

MALCOLM
Are you all right?! Were you attacked?

He holds up her torn backpack.

SARAH
What do you mean, that's how it always looks, it's my lucky pack. Oooh, a Nikon!

She reaches for the still camera hanging around Nick's neck.

SARAH (cont'd)
You don't mind if I borrow this, I dropped mine in the water yesterday. The shutter's in silent mode, right? *

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 2 26

NICK
Uh -- yeah.

SARAH
Low speed color? *

NICK
Two hundred. *

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 4 26

SARAH
Filter?

NICK
Polarizer.

She scurries back into the clearing with Nick's camera. As a baby stegosaur ambles forward to join the herd, Sarah scoots right along with it, moving behind it, using its body as a shield to block her from the view of the other two.

She squeezes off pictures of the herd as she goes, the camera's shutter nearly silent.

In the bushes, Malcolm and the others can only watch her, stunned. Nick looks at Malcolm and smiles.

NICK
Should we rescue her now or after lunch?

IN THE CLEARING,

Sarah keeps moving closer to the herd. The baby passes a small grouping of rocks and Sarah ducks behind them. She's now in a perfect position to photograph the nest, and she squeezes off picture after picture from this ideal vantage point.

She shoots the last picture on the roll --

-- and the camera's autowinder WHIRS to life. Sarah looks down in horror as the camera's motor WHINES loudly in her hands.

The noise startles the animals. The alpha male, the biggest animal in the herd, turns toward her, the plates on its back bristling. Sarah gets to her feet and starts to move away, slowly. In the brush, Malcolm leaps to his feet and yells.

MALCOLM
SARAH!

Alarmed by this second threat, the male spins away from Sarah and swings its tail, spikes extended. It WHIZZES through the air, right at her, but Sarah leaps back at the last second --

-- and the tail's spikes THUD into the dirt where she was.

Sarah crawls away as fast as she can. The herd moves, instinctively grouping around the baby stego as the alpha male pursues Sarah. It raises its tail, to take another swipe.

Sarah sees it coming and ducks into a hollowed-out log for cover.

27 IN THE LOG, 27

Sarah crawls to apparent safety, but a WHIZZING sound comes from outside --

-- and the stego's spikes CRUNCH right through the log, stopping inches from her face. She wriggles backwards, out of the log, as the stego ROARS and struggles to free its tail.

28 IN THE CLEARING, 28

Sarah crawls free of the log and scrambles away on all fours as the stego herd darts away, disappearing into the brush, moving surprisingly quickly for animals their size.

The team members run to Sarah. Malcolm and Eddie help her to her feet, Nick swoops in with another, longer lensed camera and continues to shoot pictures of the fleeing herd. Sarah throws her arms around Malcolm, eyes wild, exhilirated. * * * *

SARAH
Isn't it _great_!?

Malcolm pulls out her satellite phone, and shows it to her angrily.

MALCOLM
When it RINGS -- you ANSWER it!

CUT TO:

29 OMITTED 29 *

30 EXT JUNGLE TRAIL DAY 30

MALCOLM is furious, in an argument with SARAH as they all march quickly back toward their base camp, their energy and excitement palpable. NICK, with EDDIE, unloads his cameras, handling the exposed film carefully. * * * *

NICK *
These are _incredible_ images, _legendary_, guys shoot a whole lifetime and never get stuff _half_ this good! * * * * *

EDDIE *
(dazed, still overwhelmed by it all) * *
Wow. *

Nick kisses the film, seals it in a canister and puts it carefully in a pocket in his vest. * *

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

NICK *
I mean, that's it, gimme the *
Pulitzer, right now, _today_ please. *

EDDIE *
Wow. *

NICK *
Competition's over, close the *
entries, I'd like to thank everybody *
who lost. *

EDDIE *
WOW. *

MALCOLM *
(to Sarah) *
When Hammond called you, why didn't *
you _say_ something to me?! *

SARAH
Because you would have tried to stop
me from coming.

MALCOLM
I would have tied you to the bed!

SARAH
I figured out how the animals
survived without lysine.

MALCOLM
I don't _care_.

SARAH
(continuing anyway)
If you look at the diets of the
herbivore species that are thriving,
they eat mostly agama beans, soy,
anything lysine-rich. And the
carnivores, well, they eat the herbi-

Over his shoulder, Sarah sees Nick put a cigarette in his mouth.

SARAH (cont'd)
Don't light that. Dinosaurs can pick
up scents from miles away. We're
here to observe and document, not
interact.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

MALCOLM
That's a scientific impossibility. Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle. Whatever you study, you also change.

SARAH
I'll risk it. I'm sick of scratching around in rock and bone and making guesses, deductions about the nurturing habits of animals that have been dead for sixty-five million years. Right or wrong, we're ridiculed because we can't prove anything, we can only make assumptions based on how modern day animals behave. It's frustrating, man. Then you show up and fill my head with stories for four years --

MALCOLM
Stories of mutilation and death! Weren't you paying attention?

SARAH
Please don't treat me like I'm some wide-eyed grad student, I've worked around predators since I was twenty years old. Lions, hyenas, jackals, you. They're obsessively territorial, and those territories are all in the interior of the island. The only other place they'll hunt is on the game trails. If we stay on the outer rim and off the game trails, we'll be fine.

MALCOLM
They go wherever there's food! They have legs, you know, and on these legs they're known to walk.

SARAH
Could you make that a little more condescending?

MALCOLM
Even run, on occasion.

SARAH
You know, I'm not sure I can listen to you right now without wanting to hit you.

30 CONTINUED: 3 30

MALCOLM
Hit me on the way home.

SARAH
Hey.

Angry, she pulls him aside and lowers her voice.

SARAH (cont'd)
What is this? You don't usually care what continent I'm on, now you charge in here on a white horse -- What do you think you're doing? * * *

MALCOLM
Hey, someone who loves you travels five thousand miles to tell you your life is in danger and you want to start a fight?

SARAH
You love me?

MALCOLM
Baby, I've never been so mental over a chick, you know that.

SARAH
Why didn't you ever say so, Shithead?

MALCOLM
I did. In the hospital. In Costa Rica.

SARAH
You were on painkillers. You said it to the anesthesiologist.

MALCOLM
Sarah, please. You've seen the place, you've drawn some pretty impressive conclusions, people are going to sit up and take notice, believe me, now let's go.

SARAH
It's more than just that, I'm trying to change a hundred years of entrenched dogma. Dinosaurs were categorized as vicious lizards very early on and there's a lot of resistance to the idea of them as nurturing parents.
(MORE)

30 CONTINUED: 3 30

SARAH (cont'd)
Robert Burke calls T-rex a rogue that abandoned its young at the first opportunity. I think I can prove --

Suddenly, Nick bolts right in between them, running as fast as he can down the trail, toward base camp.

MALCOLM
What's the matter with --

They all turn, looking in the direction Nick is running. A plume of black smoke is rising up over the trees.

EDDIE
Fire!

CUT TO:

31 EXT BASE CAMP DAY 31

NICK bursts out of the trees and races toward the thick plume of smoke. In the middle of the base camp, someone has neatly built a campfire surrounded by stones. Nick grabs a jug of water to douse it, but SARAH steps in.

SARAH
No! Water makes the smoke billow, use dirt!

EDDIE joins in as they kick and rake dirt onto the fire with their hands and feet. MALCOLM is furious.

MALCOLM
Who the hell started a campfire?!

VOICE (o.s.)
It was just to make dinner.

Malcolm turns toward the source of the voice. KELLY MALCOLM, his twelve year old daughter, stands in the doorway of the trailer, very sheepish.

KELLY (cont'd)
I wanted it ready when you got back.

The whole group stares, stunned, none more so than Malcolm himself. He looks at Kelly, then at the trailer door hanging open, then back at Kelly as he figures out how she did it.

MALCOLM
Oh . . . wow.

CUT TO:

32 EXT BASE CAMP LATER 32

Later, and base camp is a blur of activity. SARAH, NICK, and EDDIE are hard at work, burying the remains of the fire, sealing their food in plastic bags, loading camera equipment, packing up specimen containers and other information-gathering equipment.

MALCOLM, meanwhile, is beside himself over KELLY's presence. While he talks, he keeps trying to make a call on the satellite phone, which he has pulled out of the trailer and is now in front of him, on its heavy base.

KELLY
You practically told me to come here!

MALCOLM
I what?!

KELLY
You said "don't listen to me." I thought you were trying to tell me something!

MALCOLM
You knew exactly what I meant! You have no idea what's going on here! *

Nick leans over and whispers to Eddie, gesturing to Malcolm and Kelly.

NICK
Do you see any family resemblance here?

SARAH
(to Malcolm)
What do you want to do, lock her up for curiosity? Where do you think she gets it?

KELLY
Thank you, Sarah.

MALCOLM
No, no, no, no, no. Don't even start the teaming up thing.

KELLY
You're wrong, Dad. I do know what's going on. *

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

KELLY (cont'd)
Maybe nobody else believed you,
but _I_ always did. *

Malcolm is touched. Nick leans over to Eddie again.

NICK
The kid scores with cheap sentiment.

SARAH
Ian, you sound like a high school vice-principal.

MALCOLM
I'm her _father_.

KELLY
Sure, _now_.

SARAH
Touche.

MALCOLM
(to Sarah)
You. Out of the conversation.
(of the satellite phone)
Eddie, why the _hell_ doesn't this thing ever work?

EDDIE
Look, it's not like a land line. You have to wait for a decent signal.

Malcolm SMACKS it down angrily. Sarah turns to Eddie.

SARAH
If you plan on using the high hide, there's a good spot for it over in the middle of those cyatheoides.
(gestures to a stand of palm fronds a hundred yards away)
They've got a heavy scent, and animals know they're toxic, they won't even look at 'em. How tall is it?

EDDIE
Fifteen feet.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH
Then you're on your own. If I get five feet off the ground everything starts to spin. You can't do this kind of work in a tower anyway. The kind of documentation Mr. Hammond is after puts you and your equipment in the field, as close to the animals as safely possible.

MALCOLM *
Great idea! While you're at it, why *
not smear yourselves with sheep's *
blood? Eddie. Any reason to think *
the radio in the trailer might work? *
I don't want to get my hopes up . . . *

EDDIE *
(sick of him) *
Might try flicking the switch to *
"on," if you feel qualified. *

MALCOLM
I'm taking my daughter out of here. Anybody who's coming with me, this is your last chance to get out.

Leaving aside the satellite phone, Malcolm takes Kelly's hand, turns, and heads for the trailer with her. Sarah straps on her backpack and addresses Eddie and Nick.

SARAH
Okay, listen, when we're out in the field, nothing we do can leave any room for people to say our findings were contaminated. Once the research community smells blood in the water, *
you're dead.

Malcolm, headed for the trailer, stops and shouts back at them, trying to recruit the others out from under her.

MALCOLM
If you're staying, I'd be happy to deliver a letter to your wives or loved ones. Give you a chance to say good bye to them.

SARAH
(ignoring him)
We leave no scent of any kind. No hair tonics, no cologne, no insect repellant, seal all our food in plastic bags.

32 CONTINUED: 3 32

MALCOLM
Maybe you have some personal effects
you'd like me to pass on. It's the
least I can do.

SARAH
Our presence has to be one hundred
percent antiseptic. If we so much as
bend a blade of grass, we bend it
back the way it --

A low sound has been rising while they bickered and now it comes BOOMING over the jungle around them, a THUNDEROUS racket that shakes the very ground beneath them. Malcolm stops, the door to the trailer rattling in his hand as --

-- three military helicopters ROAR overhead, flying very low. The choppers are enormous, fat-assed creature, some dangling huge cargo containers under them.

33 AT A RIDGE, 33

the members of the gatherer expedition hit the dirt and peer over a ledge, watching as the helicopters bank and hover over a specific spot. Eddie raises a pair of field glasses. Malcolm looks at Sarah.

MALCOLM
You were saying something about
antiseptic?

Through a pair of binoculars, Eddie studies the helicopters, which keep pouring in, right over their heads. *

EDDIE
"InGen." It says Ingen on the tails *
of the choppers! I don't get it, *
why would Hammond send two teams? *

SARAH
Doesn't he trust us? We haven't even
had a chance yet!

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

Malcolm grabs the binoculars.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS,

he sees the frenzy of activity as the massive containers are unloaded and their MEN and equipment deployed. And standing right in the center of it all is PETER LUDLOW, in brand-new Banana Republic safariwear.

ON THE RIDGE,

Malcolm lowers the binoculars, furious.

MALCOLM
Hammond didn't send these guys. It's Peter Ludlow.

SARAH
What do they want?

Nick seems to know exactly what's going on.

NICK
They want their money back.

Malcolm looks at him -- how does he know? But before he can puzzle it out, the hunter group below ROARS off into the jungle. On the ridge, Nick and the others follow.

CUT TO:

34 THRU 37 OMITTED 34 THRU 37 *

38 EXT RIDGE DUSK 38

Further along on the ridge, NICK, MALCOLM, SARAH, KELLY, and EDDIE scramble to keep up with the hunter convoy as it powers along below them.

As the sun glows bright orange on the horizon, Nick raises a pair of binoculars to his eyes and peers down at the vista below the ridge.

In the lenses of the binoculars, we can clearly see a mixed herd of midsized herbivores -- HADROSAURS, PACHYCEPHALOSAURS, and GALLIMIMUSES -- racing across the plain below.

Malcolm, also staring through binoculars, lies on the ridge beside him. Sarah is several feet behind them, her back pressed against a tree, unwilling to go to the lip of the ridge.

39 THROUGH NICK'S BINOCULARS 39

we see a shaky point of view of the herd running. The binoculars whip to the right --

-- revealing a jeep chasing the herd. Not just one jeep, in fact, but a whole FLEET OF HUNTER PURSUIT VEHICLES!

There are two herding jeeps, one motorcycle, a speedier mini-jeep, and, further behind, a container truck and a wrangler's pickup truck.

Although there's a great deal of commotion below, up here it's almost eerily silent.

40 ON THE RIDGE, 40

Nick lowers the binoculars, angry. He digs in his pack and starts to set up another of the remote digital cameras. Sarah grabs his binoculars and raises them. As she brings them up, the sun FLARES off the lens --

41 EXT THE PLAIN DUSK 41

-- and when the brilliant flare clears, we're right down in the middle of the roundup. Engines ROAR, wheels spin and dig in the dirt, men SHOUT and radios SQUAWK as the hunter vehicles pursue the fleeing herd they've flushed.

PETER LUDLOW, riding in the heaviest pursuit vehicle, BARKS into a walkie-talkie.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

LUDLOW
This is as good a place as any for base camp. First priority after we're done is the laser barriers, I want them all up and running in thirty minutes. Half an hour, understand? Over.

A HAND reaches back from the front seat and takes the radio away from Ludlow, pulling it into the front. The owner of the hand speaks into it, still facing away from us.

ROLAND
Cancel that order.

LUDLOW
What? Why?

Finally, the person in the front seat turns around and glares at Ludlow. It's ROLAND TEMBO, the hunter from the bar in the Mombassa.

ROLAND
This is a game trail, Mr. Ludlow. Carnivores hunt on game trails. Do you want to set up base camp or a buffet?

He hands the radio back to Ludlow, who attempts to reassert his authority.

LUDLOW
(into radio)
Find a new spot! Over and out.

Roland leans over to Ludlow, gesturing for him to lean in. Ludlow does.

ROLAND
Peter, if you want me to run your little camping trip, there are two conditions. First -- I'm in charge, and when I'm not around, Dieter is. Your job is to sign the checks, tell us we're doing a good job, and open your case of scotch when we have a good day. Second condition -- my fee. You can keep it. All I want in exchange for my services is the right to hunt one of the tyrannosaurs. A male. Buck only. Why and how are my business. If you don't like either of those conditions, you're on your own.

ROLAND (cont'd)
Go ahead and set up your camp right here, or in a swamp, or in the middle of a rex nest, for all I care. But I've been on too many safaris with rich dentists to listen to any more suicidal ideas. Okay?

LUDLOW
(what else can he say?)
Okay.

ROLAND
Good lad.

Roland stands on his seat and hoists himself up into the vehicle's "conning tower," a tall structure from which he has a view of the entire hunt. He looks out at the spectacular sight, incredulous, thrilled.

ROLAND (cont'd)
"Immense as whales, the motion of their vast bodies in a peaceful calm does trouble the ocean till it boil."

He looks down at PETER LUDLOW, who's seated beside him.

ROLAND (cont'd)
Let's make the ocean boil, shall we, Mr. Ludlow?

He turns and waves his arms, sending a signal to the pursuit vehicle behind him, which accelerates in response.

The vehicle, (a "snagger"), pulls ahead. DIETER STARK, a brittle South African in his mid forties, stands in the passenger seat, holding a long pole with a noose dangling from the end of it. He swings the pole out over the side of the jeep and SHOUTS to CARTER, his driver.

DIETER
FASTER!

The Driver hits the gas and the snagger leaps forward, gaining on the herd. Aware of the danger behind them, the herd veers to the right, toward the cover of thick jungle --

-- but the motorcycle ROARS in from the right side, cutting them off, herding them back out into the open.

42 BACK IN THE CONTAINER TRUCK, 42

Roland SHOUTS orders into the walkie-talkie again.

(CONTINUED)

ROLAND

Cycle, break a stray off the herd and flush him right! Snagger, stay ready, he's bringing it to you! It'll be the --

(referring to a card in his hand)

-- pacha -- pachy -- pachycen -- oh, hell, the fat head with the bald spot! Friar Tuck!

VOICE (o.s.)

(on radio)

Copy.

Roland drops the walkie talkie and it falls into Ludlow's lap. He picks it up.

LUDLOW

(into radio)

You are to take those animals alive, Dieter, and uninjured! Understand?

43 BACK ON THE SNAGGER, 43

the Driver can barely keep up with the twists and feints thrown by the herd ahead of him. Dieter CURSES and throws the lasso pole into the back of the jeep. Ludlow's voice continues over the radio next to him.

LUDLOW (o.s.)
That's very expensive property, and it does not belong to you! Dieter?! Can you hear me?!

DIETER
(to the Driver)
Turn that off!

The Driver SNAPS off the radio as Dieter grabs a long-barreled rifle from the back of the vehicle.

THE MOTORCYCLE

guns it again, forcing the herd back into the middle of the plain. From the trees to the left, two heads on enormous necks rise up in alarm.

Two APATOSAURS are startled from the bush and lumber out across the middle of the plain. The herd doesn't even break stride, but keeps running, scampering after the giants and stampeding right between their massive legs.

One smaller PACHYCEPHALOSAUR, a thick, heavy-set animal whose distinctive feature is an enormous skull casing, bolts loose, but the motorcycle cuts it off and herds it back into the middle, which now takes the motorcycle right through the rising and falling legs of the apatosaurs.

The bike chases the pachy out the other side, and as the apatosaurs disappear into the distance, the cycle isolates the juvenile. Two pursuit vehicles cut the animal off and stop. The pachy stops too, ten feet away.

DR. ROBERT BURKE, a pony-tailed man in wire-rimmed glasses, is in one of the cars, staring at the animal in wonderment, moved by the sight of the animals he's studied for so long.

BURKE
Pachycephalosaurus!

The Hunters' FIELD VETERINARIAN, in the car with Burke, looks fearful, flipping through a large book with pictures of various dinosaurs and their descriptions.

VETERINARIAN
Carnivore?

(CONTINUED)

BURKE
(enchanted)
Huh? No, no, herbivore, late Cretaceous. It's either prenocephale prene or pachycephalosaurus wyomingensis. This is amazing! We've found a lot of domed cranial fragments, but never a whole animal -- until now! See that distinctive domed skull? That's nine inches of solid bone!

Burke actually seems misty, almost moved to tears. Two Hunters are not, though, they warily approach the pachy with lasso poles as another jeep pulls up.

BURKE (cont'd)
The pachy's neck attaches to the bottom of its skull instead of the back of its head, as with reptiles.

A HUNTER opens the passenger door of the jeep and starts to climb out --

BURKE (cont'd)
So when it lowers its head, its neck lines up directly with its backbone!

-- but the pachy charges! The Hunter ducks behind the door for cover, but the pachy HEAD-BUTTS right into it, CRUNCHING the door closed and sending the Hunter flying right back into the vehicle.

BURKE (cont'd)
Which is perfect for absorbing impact.

Another truck, a "scissor rig," spots the pachy. High in the back of the truck, a HUNTER mans a tranquilizer cannon and draws a bead on it.

He FIRES and the tranquilizer dart hits the animal in the neck. Another HUNTER from the truck tosses a lasso around its neck and they crank a winch, reeling in the animal.

As the truck gains on it, two six-foot padded arms with what look like heavy airbags on the insides open up on the front of the truck. As the animal is pulled in, the scissors close with a hydraulic WHIR, trapping the animal between its airbags.

Now a pick-up rig ROARS up and drops its back gate. The scissor rig rolls forward, depositing the squirming pachy in this dino-containment vehicle.

43 CONTINUED: 2 43

Two HUNTERS throw levers on the side of the scissor bars and the scissor rig backs away, leaving the animal, still pinched between the bars, imprisoned in the back of the pick-up rig.

The Hunters quickly fit new scissor bars onto the scissor rig and it takes off, back into the hunt.

ON ROLAND'S VEHICLE, *

Roland lowers a pair of binoculars, having sighted another animal. He raises the walkie-talkie. *
*

ROLAND *
Dieter! Get into the outrigger, *
you're closing in on a carinthosaur! *

DIETER (o.s.) *
A what? *

ROLAND *
The -- the -- one with the big red *
horn, the pompadour! Elvis! *

BACK ON THE SNAGGER,

Dieter, rifle in hand, drops down into the passenger seat, whips a harness over himself and CLICKS it into place.

He jabs his thumb into a flashing red button in the dashboard.

Immediately, a motor underneath the seat HUMS to life and the seat itself telescopes, extending a good four feet out to the side of the speeding jeep.

Dieter raises the gun, picks a CARINTHOSAUR, a red-crested herbivore, from the rear of the fleeing herd and takes aim.

BANG!!

The carinthosaur staggers as a tranquilizer dart sticks in its left hindquarter.

44 UP ON THE RIDGE, 44

there is utter quiet. Nick and the others stare wordlessly at the spectacle below.

45 DOWN ON THE PLAIN, 45

the snagger SHUDDERS to a halt in the dirt, kicking up a huge cloud of dust and dirt.

The motorcycle spins to a stop beside it, its DRIVER pushing his mask up to reveal his sweat and dirt-streaked face.

The wrangler truck backs up and drops its rear door, which CLANGS heavily to the ground. FOUR WRANGLERS carrying wire noose poles and chains race down the ramp and out of the truck.

Dieter jumps off the snagger. He puts down his tranquilizer gun, picks up a long steel rod, and walks forward slowly. Ahead of him, the carinthosaur is still on its feet.

The sedated animal staggers, fighting to retain its balance while it is surrounded by the wary Wranglers.

DIETER
Easy -- easy -- not too close! Full extension!

45 CONTINUED: 2 45

The Wranglers adjust their poles, extending them another three feet, which allows them to stay further from the reeling, ten foot tall animal.

DIETER (cont'd)
Now!

Almost as one, the Wranglers flip their nooses over the stunned animal's neck. It thrashes, but the Wranglers hold their poles tightly, surrounding and immobilizing it.

46 UP ON THE RIDGE, 46

Nick lowers the binoculars. Sarah mutters to herself, concerned.

SARAH
They must not know. They think they're in herbivore territory --

MALCOLM
They are, aren't they?

SARAH
They're on a game trail, Ian. That's no man's land.

47 DOWN ON THE PLAIN, 47

a bolero-type device, a rope with a round weight at either end, whips around the carinthosaur's legs. The animal THUDS to the dirt with a SNORT of defeat.

Ludlow steps up next to Dieter and both of them stare down at the helpless animal. Ludlow's breathing heavily, eyes glowing.

The animal is still thrashing, pumping its legs crazily. Dieter turns a knob on the side of the steel rod he's holding and thrusts it into the defenseless animal's neck.

A blue arc of electricity CRACKS and dances over the carinthosaur's body. The animal convulses in pain, a horrible, high-pitched SQUEALING rips the air.

The VETERINARIAN hurries forward with a case full of dozens of bottles of tranquilizing agents. He runs his finger along the row, selects just the right one, and fills a syringe with a specific amount. He injects it into the animal's thigh.

CARTER, Dieter's Driver, steps up with a can of spray paint and quickly tags the animal with an ID number in day-glo orange. He marks a black X over the card with the drawing of the carinthosaur.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

Dieter, sweat-soaked, guzzles water from a canteen. It runs down his chin and a COMPSOGNATHUS, the small, chicken-sized dinosaur we saw in the opening, hops over and investigates the puddle near his foot. Dieter looks down at the animal. DR. BURKE bends over it, fascinated.

BURKE
Compsognathus triassicus! Found by Fraas in 1913 in Bavaria, I think.

DIETER
Is it dangerous?

BURKE
I don't think so. Compys have always been presumed to be scavengers, like jackals, feeding on dead or wounded animals.

The compy happily sniffs Dieter's boot, lapping at the drops of water on his toe.

DIETER
It gives me the creeps. It's like it's not scared.

BURKE
Probably because there haven't been any visitors to the island. It has no reason to fear man.

Dieter pulls the steel rod from the loop in his belt and touches it to the compy's back.

The electric shock CRACKS over the animal's form and sends it tumbling head over heels, back into the bushes, WAILING.

DIETER
Now it does.

48 NEARBY, 48

Roland is down on the ground with Ajay, staring at an enormous, very deep three-toed track.

ROLAND
Burke. Come here.

Burke leaves Dieter and comes hurrying over, carrying the large book.

ROLAND (cont'd)
You recognize this trackway?

(CONTINUED)

BURKE
(softly)
I'm afraid I do.

He flips to a particular page and turns it around, showing a picture of the fossilized footprint. There's also a large, lifelike drawing of the animal that made it. An animal so large the page has to fold out (twice) to show it all.

BURKE (cont'd)
Tyrannosaurus rex.

AJAY, Roland's tracker, studies the rex's trail. It goes sideways, bisecting the game trail.

AJAY
He sprang from the foliage. Picked off a calf -- that's this smaller set of tracks that disappears. Then carried it back into the bush. That way.

Roland gets up and goes to his jeep. At the back, he opens a wood and leather case, revealing --

-- his gun. It's an antique elephant gun, a double barreled .600 Nitro Express. Nearly a hundred years old, its rosewood stock is worn buttery smooth, but is nicked and scarred by two lifetimes of campaigns. Cape buffalo are delicately engraved along its silver breech.

The barrels are twenty-four inches long, topped with an ivory bead foresight at the business end. Roland scoops up the gun, breaks the breech, and pulls two rounds of ammunition from his shirt pocket.

Four inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, these are the largest full metal jacket cartridges ever made. He slips one into each barrel and they land with a resonant metallic WHUMP. He and Ajay head into the bush.

LUDLOW calls to them from his vehicle.

LUDLOW
Hey! Where do you think you're going?!

ROLAND
To collect my fee.

And with that he disappears into the foliage.

49 IN THE JUNGLE, 49

Ajay takes a step into the bush, but at a ninety degree angle away from the direction in which the animal tracks lead.

ROLAND
Ajay.

Ajay turns. Roland points in the direction in which the footprints lead.

ROLAND (cont'd)
I'm no tracker, but even I can read this spoor.

AJAY
Do you wish to go where the animal has been, or where the animal is?

Roland smiles and follows Ajay as he sets off in his chosen direction.

CUT TO:

50 EXT THE CAVES DAY 50

AJAY and ROLAND make their way through the foliage and come into a small clearing, where a cluster of caves is carved into the rock. Ajay freezes, gesturing ahead, to the cave on the far left.

Roland pulls up a handful of grass and releases it on the breeze. It floats back between his legs. That's good.

He proceeds toward the cave, carefully, Ajay behind him. They can see nothing beyond the yawning mouth of the cave, only a black interior.

Roland pauses, looking down. On the ground to his right he sees the partially eaten leg of a creature. It's old, crawling with white maggots and flies.

Roland continues on. Closer to the cave, he now passes the skull of a large animal, some of the flesh and green skin still adhering to the bone. It, too, is covered with flies.

Still he continues on. A short rise leads into the cave, and they edge up it. From inside the cave, they can hear an odd SQUEAKING sound, very high-pitched.

Crawling now, Roland and Ajay scale a four-foot circular rampart of dried mud, and peer into --

-- the tyrannosaur nest. It's flattened inside, about ten feet in diameter, completely encircled by earthen walls.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: 50

A BABY TYRANNOSAUR, about four and a half feet long, is in the center of the nest. It has a large head, very large eyes, and its body is covered with a fluffy red down, which gives it a scraggly appearance.

It SQUEAKS repeatedly, tearing awkwardly at the remains of a chunk of animal flesh, biting decisively with tiny, sharp teeth.

The cave itself is a foul boneyard. ANIMAL CARCASSES litter the edges, flies BUZZ in the captive air. Roland raises a bandana to his nose to cover the stench. He turns to Ajay and WHISPERS.

ROLAND
It's the rex nest.

Ajay nods. The baby tyrannosaur hears the whisper and looks up, cocking its head in curiosity.

ROLAND (cont'd)
Infant's probably only a few weeks old. Never been out of the nest. Offspring that young, parents won't leave it for long.

He looks around anxiously.

AJAY
Make a blind here? Wait for the buck to return?

ROLAND
(shakes his head no)
If the nest is upwind, so are we. When he comes back, he'll know we're here before we have a chance. The trick --

In the nest below, the baby SQUEAKS angrily at the intruders.

ROLAND (cont'd)
-- is to get him to come where we want him.

The baby SQUEAKS again, indignant. Roland turns and looks down at it. Thinking.

CUT TO:

51 EXT RIDGE NIGHT 51

As darkness falls, the hunters have established base camp in an area they have trampled and cleared just below the ridge. Blue laser fences encircle the perimeter.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

Half a dozen tents are set up around a central campfire. The vehicles are all parked at one end, away from the tents. At the other end, there is a row of at least a dozen "capture containers," cages that hold the fruits of their roundup.

One of the tents is opened on one side. Bright lights are positioned toward the open side of the tent, a camera is being set up in the shadow of a large satellite dish. They're preparing for a transmission, a couple TECHNICIANS scurrying around making last minute adjustments. *

Up on the ridge, MALCOLM has his hand securely around SARAH's waist as she stands near the edge of the ridge, looking down at the scene through binoculars. VOICES waft up to them.

SARAH
Parasaurolophus -- compsognathus -- triceratops -- pachycephalosaurus -- looks like they went for herbivores or small scavengers only. *

She starts to get dizzy and steps back, a hand to her head. *

MALCOLM
This is why Hammond was in such a hurry to get you here. He knew they were coming.

EDDIE also has binoculars.

EDDIE
My God, they're well organized. Those are some major-league toys.

MALCOLM
Should I ask to use their phone, Eddie? Their dish is bigger than yours. *

EDDIE
Why do you want to hurt me? *

KELLY looks concerned. *

KELLY
They actually want to build another park here? After what you said happened on the other island? *

MALCOLM
They're not building anything, they're taking those animals out of here. Back to the mainland. I can't believe what I'm seeing. And I can't believe it's all run by Ludlow. *

51 CONTINUED: 2 51

NICK speaks up, looking through binoculars of his own.

NICK
It isn't. Check out the guy walking
past the fire.

Malcolm takes his binoculars and peers down at the camp.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS,

he sees ROLAND, who's walking with AJAY, weapons and equipment slung over their shoulders.

NICK (o.s.)
I've run into this customer before.
In Brazil. He was spearhunting
jaguars. He's the one in charge.

BACK ON THE RIDGE,

NICK (cont'd)
Look, you should all know, Hammond
told me these guys might show up. He
honestly thought we'd have time to
finish before they got here. But, in
case we didn't, he sent a back-up
plan. *

SARAH
What back-up plan?

NICK
Me.

SMACK! He drops his pack on a rock, ZIPS it open, and pulls out tools. Sharp tools. A bolt cutter. A hunting knife. A pry bar.

EDDIE
Why, Nick! You are a tree-hugger.

MALCOLM
Sarah. I must get Kelly off this
island now. So, I'll ask one more
time, and not again -- are you coming
with us?

She looks from him to Nick, who shoves implements of destruction into a tool belt and straps it on.

SARAH
I waited a lifetime for this
opportunity. I won't let them take
it away.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY
You wouldn't either, Dad. You'd be trying to stop those guys yourself if I wasn't here. *

MALCOLM
Not under deteriorating circumstances like these, it's a bad time and the wrong place. *

KELLY
You wouldn't care, it's how you are. *
(to Sarah)
Once somebody makes him mad, he can't help himself. *

MALCOLM
Stop it. We're teetering on the edge of a very unstable situation here. It's Gambler's Ruin. *

SARAH
(here he goes again)
What?

MALCOLM
A statistical phenomenon. Says everything in the world goes in streaks. It's real, you see it everywhere -- in baseball, in blackjack, in stock markets. Once things go bad, they tend to stay bad. Bad things cluster. They go to hell together.

NICK
They're about to. For them.

He goes to the edge of the ridge and waits, holding out his hand for Sarah. She walks to the edge and pauses, looking down, frightened.

NICK (cont'd)
Where'd you get this fear of heights?

Sarah looks back at Malcolm, who's staring at her angrily.

SARAH
Dating tall men.

She takes a breath, grabs his hand, and goes over the edge. They scramble down the hillside.

CUT TO:

52 OMITTED 52

53 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT 53

In the jungle, LUDLOW approaches a small clearing. ROLAND is bent over a stake in the ground, chaining something to it. It's the BABY TYRANNOSAUR, alive and kicking, SQUEALING in protest. Roland looks up.

ROLAND
Incentive.

Ludlow laughs and shakes his head. He notices Roland's gun leaning against a tree. *

LUDLOW
What kind of gun is that?

ROLAND
My father's .600 Nitro Express. Made in 1904. Karimojo Bell gave it to him after he took down his last elephant. 8700 foot pounds of striking force, each barrel.

LUDLOW
How close do you have to be?

ROLAND
Forty yards. Less, maybe. I assume it'll take a slug in the brain case to bring him down.

LUDLOW
Why not just use a scope and a poison dart and snipe him from a hill?

Roland looks at him disdainfully.

ROLAND
Or a laser beam from a satellite?

Behind Ludlow, something SCURRIES through the underbrush. Ludlow jumps back a step. He leans down, close to the baby rex, and examines it while it thrashes on its chain. Its mouth has been bound shut with a leather strap. *

LUDLOW
You think this'll draw the adult?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

ROLAND
I once saw a bull elephant kill itself charging a jeep. All the jeep had done was startle the bull's calves. I saw a lioness carry wounded prey four and a half miles, all the way back to its den, just to teach its cubs how to finish off a kill.

LUDLOW
Killing lessons? Heartwarming.

ROLAND
Rex won't be any different. It'll come.

Ludlow shakes his head. *

LUDLOW
You're kidding yourself, or I'd be worried. An adult T-rex doesn't care about its young, it cares about one thing -- filling its own belly. It acts the way people wish they could, that's why everyone's fascinated by it. If people had the chance to see one dinosaur and one only, ninety-nine percent would choose the tyrannosaur. Now that's something to build a theme park around.

ROLAND
You could never contain it.

LUDLOW
Sure, there's sedatives for that, growth inhibitors, surgery to shorten its tendons, make it immobile.
(bends down, close to the baby rex)
But you wouldn't be any trouble at all, would you? And the entire world would pay to watch you grow up. You're a billion dollar idea, my little f-

With a sudden WHOOSH, another animal scampers through the underbrush right behind Ludlow. Scared, he spins around, to get away from it, but he loses his balance, gets tangled up in his own feet --

-- and steps right on top of the baby rex's leg. The bone breaks with a dry SNAP and the animal HOWLS in pain.

53 CONTINUED: 2 53

Roland lunges forward, shoves Ludlow out of the way, and bends over the injured animal. It HOWLS in pain, its leg bent at an odd angle.

ROLAND
Damn it, you've broken its leg!

Ludlow, angry and embarrassed, turns away. Roland stares at his back, disgusted. *

ROLAND (cont'd)
Orwell had a point, didn't he? "Four legs good, two legs bad."

LUDLOW
What?

ROLAND
It's what the animals said, Mr. Ludlow. Just before they took over the farm.

CUT TO:

54 EXT HUNTERS' CAMP NIGHT 54

Seen from a distance, LUDLOW strides quickly back into camp, as a HUNTER calls out to him. *
*

HUNTER *
Mr. Ludlow! We're set to transmit, and they're all assembled in San Diego. *
*
*

LUDLOW *
Time for the dancing bear act again, eh? *
*

Ludlow follows him, headed over toward the satellite setup outside the open tent. *
*

AT THE EDGE OF CAMP, *

NICK and SARAH have reached the edge of the hunters' camp, and are watching this exchange, crouched just outside the laser barriers. There are three beams, each about two feet apart, the tallest almost six feet off the ground. *
*
*
*

As Ludlow reaches the main tent, even more bright lights flick on across camp, attracting some of the Hunters and distracting the rest. This is their chance. *
*
*

Nick bends over. Sarah steps up onto his back and jumps over the top of the beams, landing with a CRUNCH. Nick backs up a few steps, jogs toward the lasers, and does the Fosbury Flop right over the top.

55 IN THE CAMP, 55

they creep along, hiding behind a stack of fuel barrels. They lean around the edge for a look. They're directly behind the row of vehicles.

They move into the open, covering the ground between them and the jeeps. Reaching them, Nick hits the dirt and wriggles under the first one. Sarah stands lookout.

UNDER THE JEEP,

Nick pulls the bolt cutter from his back pocket. He squirms along until he finds the jeep's fuel line --

-- and he snips it. He ducks out of the way just as the stream of fuel begins to pour into the dirt.

SARAH

moves slowly down the line, standing watch as Nick crawls out from under the first jeep and proceeds to the second.

She hears another SNIP, then keeps moving, to cover him as he moves to the third. She hears a sound in the distance, a faint, high-pitched SCREECHING.

56 EXT JUNGLE CLEARING NIGHT 56

It's the baby T-rex, still SCREECHING. Up in a nearby tree, ROLAND and AJAY have spread some broken branches crosswise to form a high hide of their own about ten feet off the ground.

They wait.

Roland raises his binoculars. The light of the camp spills all the way out here, illuminating some of the jungle. He scans it, searching for any sign of movement.

57 EXT HUNTERS' CAMP NIGHT 57

Back in the camp, Sarah and Nick have finished with all of the vehicles and the motor pool area is now a soggy lake of spilled gasoline.

The saboteurs walk casually across the camp, unnoticed as the *
transmission gets under way on the other side of camp. They
continue across the camp and arrive at the other side --

-- to face the caged animals. The parasaurolophus that was *
tranquilized earlier stands there dully, eyes heavy and
glassy, still under the effects. They pass a stegosaur, its
row of fins bristling.

58 INT HUNTERS' TENT NIGHT 58

In the main hunter tent, a Vivex camera shoots an image of *
PETER LUDLOW, standing next to a table displaying the *
satellite recon photos of the island. Small wooden dinosaur *
models are scattered around the board, indicating where *
certain species can be found. Also behind Ludlow are crates *
of ammunition and other supplies, and two captured COMPYS, *
which are displayed in small cages, for effect. *

On a computer screen, the image of Ludlow is captured in a *
little box on the left side. On the right side of the screen, *
an identical little box shows an image of the INGEN BOARD OF *
DIRECTORS, sitting around a table in their offices in San *
Diego. There are half a dozen POTENTIAL INVESTORS at the near *
end of the table, listening intently. *

Ludlow holds a satellite phone to his ear while he addresses *
the camera. The Board Members, all in suits, listen *
attentively. *

LUDLOW *
Simply put, InGen is seeking limited *
partners to defray some of our *
expansion costs. The prospectus *
you've been given by the board *
(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

LUDLOW (cont'd)
explicitly details our projected hardware and construction expenses, and, as you can see by my two friends here with me tonight, the "software" is already fully developed.

He pokes the cage and the compys SQUEAK. The potential Investors lean forward in their seats eagerly, MUTTERING, peering closely at their screen to get a better look at the remarkable animals.

58A BACK IN THE CAMP, 58A

Nick and Sarah reach the largest cage, which houses a triceratops the size of a pickup truck. Nick pulls out his trusty bolt cutters. He looks at Sarah, a glint in his eye.

NICK
Hang on. We may encounter some turbulence.

58B BACK IN THE TENT, 58B

Ludlow is warmed up, well into his pitch now.

LUDLOW
-- but you don't send people halfway around the world to a zoo, you bring the zoo to them. And San Diego is the pefect setting. People already associate our city with animal attractions -- Sea World, the San Diego Zoo. Mr. Hammond knew that, before he ever dreamed of an island, he started construction on an amphitheatre --

He moves to another table, showing a model of a modern amphitheatre, with rows of cages built into the raked area under the seats. In the display area, there are tiny replicas of various kinds of dinosaurs; in the stands, Boy Scout troops and Tourists look on in wonder.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
-- right near where you're sitting, in the InGen waterfront complex. But he abandoned it in favor of something far grander and, ultimately, impossible. And so that facility sits unused, unifinished, when it could be completed and ready to receive vistors in less than a month.

(CONTINUED)

58B CONTINUED: 58B

LUDLOW (cont'd) *
Gentlemen, these animals are product *
assets that will generate revenue *
immediately, they are fully grown *
and -- fully -- fully -- *

He trails off. A low RUMBLING sound can be heard outside, and the little wooden dinosaurs start shaking on the board. Outside, someone SHOUTS; on the board, the little dinosaurs start hopping and bouncing from the vibrations, the SHOUTS outside turn to SCREAMS, Ludlow turns and looks at the back of the tent --

-- and the triceratops bursts right through the canvas!

59 EXT CAMP NIGHT 59

HUNTERS go flying as the tent-covered triceratops, its horns tearing through the canvas, RUMBLES across the camp. Men SHOUT in alarm, the triceratops BELLOWS in anger and confusion, chaos reigns. The image on the computer screen cuts abruptly to black as the satellite dish CRASHES to the ground and is trampled. * * *

In the crush of PEOPLE running every which way, SARAH is swept off in one direction while NICK is buffetted in another. They SHOUT, but cannot be heard over the fray.

The triceratops, blinded by the canvas shroud, stomps right through the fire in the middle of the camp AND THE TENT BURSTS INTO FLAME.

Now really upset, the animal panics and lashes out in all directions, blasting through tents, demolishing and/or setting ablaze anything that gets in its way. Its considerable hindquarter SLAMS into a parked jeep, sending it rolling across the camp.

The jeep flattens the largest tent and SLAMS down on its side. Its broken gas line SPRAYS gas over the ground, the gas hits one of the dozens of small blazes the triceratops has left in its wake, and the flame shoots up the ribbon of gas.

The jeep explodes.

60 OUT IN THE JUNGLE CLEARING, 60

Roland and Ajay, up in the tree, leap to their feet as a fireball rises up from the camp in the distance.

Suddenly, the entire burning jeep comes flying over the treetops and CRASHES to the jungle floor nearby.

ROLAND
What in God's -- !

61 BACK IN THE CAMP, 61

the rest of the newly-freed animals now storm through the camp. The blue laser barriers bounce crazily and go out as the sending units are trampled underfoot by the fleeing animals.

62 AT THE EDGE OF CAMP, 62

Nick takes advantage of the downed lasers to slip past the borders of the camp and disappear into the jungle in one direction, while Sarah vanishes in the other.

The burning tent, which was the equipment tent, now detonates in a series of smaller EXPLOSIONS.

Dieter and several others are knocked to the ground by the series of concussive blasts.

He drags himself up onto all fours, charred and bruised. A burning tire rolls slowly past him, spinning to a stop --

-- at ROLAND's feet. Dieter looks up at him.

ROLAND
Last time I leave you in charge.

63 OUT IN THE JUNGLE, 63

Nick breaks out into the jungle clearing, the same one where Ajay and Roland had their blind. He sees the baby tyrannosaur chained to the stake. It BLEATS in pain and Nick notices its wounded leg hanging at an odd angle.

NICK
Jesus. *

With one strong tug, he pulls the stake out of the ground.

64 BACK IN THE CAMP, 64

Roland surveys the destruction. The fire has spread and several tents are now tongues of flame flapping in the air, the animals are gone or going, and their personnel are scattered and terrified. PETER LUDLOW, breathless, face smeared with dirt and smoke, staggers up to Roland.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: 64

LUDLOW
What's going on?! *

ROLAND
Isn't it obvious?

He holds up the snipped padlock from one of the animal cages.

ROLAND (cont'd)
We're not alone on this island.

CUT TO:

65 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT 65

SARAH races back up onto the ridge trail, where the green AAV is parked. NICK bursts around from the other side of the car.

SARAH
Nick, thank God, I didn't know if --

She opens the door.

NICK
Wait, don't-

With a piercing SHRIEK, the BABY TYRANNOSAUR, now in the back of the AAV, flings itself at the open doorway, jaws SNAPPING just short of her nose.

Sarah SHRIEKS and SLAMS the door.

66 DOWN IN THE HUNTERS' CAMP, 66

Ludlow hears the commotion up on the ridge and looks up. *

LUDLOW *
Do we have anyone up there?

67 BACK UP ON THE RIDGE, 67

Sarah SHOUTS at Nick.

SARAH
Are you out of your mind?!

NICK
It has a broken leg! Get in the car before they hear us!

They leap into the front seat of the car.

CUT TO:

68 INT TRAILERS NIGHT 68

Back at base camp, MALCOLM and KELLY come into the trailer. Malcolm goes straight to the elaborate radio console and hits a series of switches. The console blinks to life, a large dial in the middle illuminating the frequency selector. Malcolm sits down and hits the volume switch. LATIN MUSIC comes over the speakers.

MALCOLM
Damn, it's not set to the frequency.

Kelly finds a log book on the shelf in front of him. She RIPS the velcro strap off and opens it.

KELLY
Look in here.

CUT TO:

69 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT 69

The AAV SLAPS through the jungle foliage. From inside the car, we can hear the baby tyrannosaur SCREAMING in anger.

70 INT AAV NIGHT 70

The baby writhes on the back seat, wriggling out of its mouth restraint. Unfettered, it now lets out a deafening SHRIEK. *
*

SARAH
Close the window! It's going to wake every predator in the jungle!

Nick hits a button on his console and the window goes up. Outside, the listening jungle whizzes by.

70A EXT JUNGLE - HIGH HIDE NIGHT 70A

About a hundred yards from the trailers, EDDIE has unloaded the high hide but not raised it yet. The little cage sits on top of the collapsed pile of struts. He attaches one end of a cable to the struts; the other end is coiled around the electric winch on the front of one of the AAVs.

He's about to start raising it when he stops, hearing a vehicle. He squints through the trees and sees the other AAV pulling up to the base camp. He furrows his brow, watching SARAH and NICK pull the wounded animal from the back seat.

EDDIE
What the hell is that?

72 INT TRAILER NIGHT 72

KELLY and MALCOLM have the log book open and are running a finger down a column of numbers.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: 72

MALCOLM
Ah. Here.

He reaches out to the frequency modulator and turns the dial, whizzing through various NOISE and STATIC on his way to the appropriate number. He's almost there when --

-- SARAH and NICK burst through the door of the trailer, carrying the SCREAMING infant with them.

SARAH
Hi, Ian. No lectures, please.

Malcolm's jaw drops open but no words come out as Sarah and Nick bring the baby rex to the metal dining table and hold it down.

KELLY
Wow!

Sarah yanks open a drawer of medical supplies, holding a small syringe. Her shirt is streaked with blood from the baby's injured leg.

SARAH
Hold him tighter, Nick!

Nick tightens his grip on the animal and Sarah makes an injection into its thigh, over its loudly voiced objections. Finally, Malcolm finds words.

MALCOLM
I am aghast.

Sarah picks up a small ultrasound transducer and runs it over the animal's leg. A green and white skeletal image appears on a monitor next to the table.

SARAH
Okay, there's the metatarsals --
tibia, fibula -- there it is! See
it? That's a fracture, just above
the epiphysis.

MALCOLM
What do I have to do with you people,
hit you with a stick?

Kelly, intrigued, peers closely at the monitor Sarah's using.

KELLY
You mean that little black line?

SARAH
That little black line means death for this infant. The fibula won't heal straight, so the ankle joint can't pivot when he stands on his hind feet. The baby won't be able to run, and probably can't even walk. It'll be crippled, and a predator will pick it off before it gets more than a few weeks old.

Throughout all this talk about death and predators, Kelly has grown more and more anxious, and the screeches of the infant have grown louder and louder. Now Kelly looks over at one of the trailer's open windows. *

KELLY
Other animals are going to hear this, aren't they? *

Malcolm, who is back at the radio, looks at her. She's downright scared. *

KELLY (cont'd)
I want to get out of here. *

MALCOLM
It's okay, honey, I'm calling the boat. *

KELLY
I mean out of here, now. I don't want to be here, I want to be somewhere safe, I want to be somewhere else. *

She's starting to panic, and Malcolm realizes he must do something, quickly. *

MALCOLM
The high hide. *

73 EXT BASE CAMP NIGHT 73

Malcolm leads Kelly quickly out of the trailer and across the camp.

74 INT TRAILER NIGHT 74

Nick and Sarah are still working.

NICK
Can you set it?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: 74

SARAH
(thinking)
It has to be temporary, something that'll break apart and fall off as the animal grows . . .

The tyrannosaur, still in pain, SHRIEKS again.

75 EXT HIGH HIDE NIGHT 75

With the soft WHIR of the electric winch, the high hide rises up to its full height, now bearing EDDIE, KELLY, and MALCOLM. Even up here, the baby rex's SCREECHES are plainly audible.

EDDIE
What are they doing in there?

MALCOLM
You're much happier not knowing.
(to Kelly)
This is the safest place you can be, remember what Sarah said before? These plants make it so the animals won't even know you're here. We're all going to be fine, don't worry.

KELLY
You're just trying to make me feel better, I remember all those stories you told!

MALCOLM
No, no, no, no, no, this is nothing like that. We're in a completely different situation right now.

From inside the trailer, the baby lets out a long, plaintive SHRIEK --

-- which is answered by a ROAR from the jungle.

One by one, Eddie, Kelly, and Malcolm turn and stare into the night jungle. Malcolm turns to Eddie. *
*

MALCOLM *
Is there a way we can communicate with the trailer? *
*

Next to Eddie, a telephone handset is mounted on a panel in the high hide. He snatches it up, punches three numbers, and hands it to Malcolm. *
*
*

75A INT TRAILER NIGHT 75A *

On a wall in the trailer, another handset is mounted in a similar panel. A red light next to it flashes and the phone RINGS. But Sarah and Nick, working, ignore it. *

NICK *
Give it more morphine! *

SARAH *
We'll kill it with too much, we'll put it into respiratory arrest! *

75B EXT HIGH HIDE NIGHT 75B *

Malcolm SLAMS the phone down. *

MALCOLM *
No answer. What a surprise. *
(to Eddie) *
How do I get down from here? *

Four rope descenders, leather belts with metal pressure clamps, are neatly stacked in a corner of the high hide. Eddie snatches one up, whips it around Malcolm's waist, and fits the pressure clamp into his hand. *

EDDIE *
Squeeze the rope with this. Hard. The more you squeeze, the slower you drop. If you don't squeeze at all -- *

MALCOLM *
I get the idea. *

(CONTINUED)

75B CONTINUED: 75B

KELLY
Dad?! Stay here!

She grabs hold of his arm with both hands. He turns and speaks urgently.

MALCOLM
The queen. The goddess.

From the jungle, there comes another ROAR. Kelly looks at Malcolm again and puts on a brave face.

KELLY
Your inspiration.

MALCOLM
I'm coming right back. I give you my word.

KELLY
You never keep your word.

No time to argue. Malcolm grabs hold of the rope that hangs over the edge of the high hide. He fits the pressure clamp around it, leaps over the edge, and slides down, very fast. * * *

EDDIE
Personally, I would have squeezed harder. * *

76 INT TRAILER NIGHT 76

Nick holds the animal while Sarah fits an aluminum foil cuff around its injured leg and paints it with a coating of resin. The animal thrashes again.

SARAH
I'm almost done. Damn it, I need another adhesive, something pliable I can -- * *

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 76

Her eyes fall on Nick's mouth. She holds out her hand, urgently.

SARAH (cont'd)
Spit!

Unquestioning, Nick spits into the palm of her hand. Sarah looks at it, disgusted, and wipes it off on him. *
*

SARAH (cont'd)
Your gum. *

NICK
Oh. *

He takes his gum out of his mouth and puts it in the palm of her hand. The baby rex CRIES OUT again. *

77 EXT HIGH HIDE NIGHT 77

From the swaying jungle, there is another answering ROAR. And this one's closer.

In the high hide, Eddie and Kelly stare, trembling. In the distance, a flock of birds SHRIEKS and takes flight as the tops of some trees move, a whole section of forest suddenly coming alive, as if brushed by wind.

But it's not the wind.

They hear noises, THUDS in the jungle. And then another section of forest trembles. Closer.

Another flock of birds bursts out of the treetops and swarms past the high hide.

KELLY
It's moving. Fast.

Eddie instinctively pulls Kelly closer to him. He raises the Lindstradt, hoping for a clear shot, but the creature never steps clear of the brush. It gets closer still, until the trees right under the hide stir as the animal passes right below them. *
*
*

78 INT TRAILER NIGHT 78

On the wall, the phone begins to ring again, the red light flashing urgently. Sarah is frantically molding Nick's bubblegum into place on the makeshift splint. But the baby rex, regaining its strength, is thrashing again. *
*

SARAH
Hold it down!

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 78

NICK *
I'm trying! *

SARAH *
Get the bottle of amoxicillin and *
fill a syringe! Quick injection of *
antibiotics and I can get it out of *
here! *

79 EXT BASE CAMP NIGHT 79

Malcolm runs as fast as he can, across the base camp and toward the trailer.

80 INT TRAILER NIGHT 80

Sarah, syringe in hand, makes an injection into the baby's thigh. The door to the trailer SMACKS open, startling them. Malcolm lunges inside and, in the same motion, the door BANGS shut behind him. He snatches up the phone, which is still RINGING next to the door. *

MALCOLM *
JUST ONCE IN YOUR LIFE WOULD IT *
KILL YOU TO PICK IT UP?! *
(grabbing the baby rex) *
Help me get this thing out of here! *

But a deafening ROAR sounds from just outside the trailer, followed immediately by a CRASHING sound. They whirl and look to the window, just in time to see -- *

-- the AAV tumbling by, rolling on its side! *

SARAH *
What is it?! *

MALCOLM *
Mommy's very angry. *

There is another ROAR and the baby, in Malcolm's arms, ROARS in response.

Outside the window, the head of a full-grown TYRANNOSAURUS REX lowers and peers inside.

Malcolm, Sarah, and Nick all freeze in absolute terror.

The rex outside GURGLES, making maternal cooing noises. The baby rex, calm for the first time, GURGLES back.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: 80

But across the trailer, in the opposite window, ANOTHER T-REX HEAD SUDDENLY APPEARS. This one ROARS, deeply, a roar so low and loud it rattles anything in the trailer that isn't tied down.

MALCOLM
Make that mommy _and_ daddy.

SARAH
This isn't hunting behavior! Not hunting -- they're _searching_, Ian! They came for their baby!

MALCOLM
Let's not disappoint them. *

Nick, hands shaking, grabs the shoulder video camera he used earlier. He scoops up a tape and tries to load it with trembling hands.

Sarah helps Malcolm lift the baby and carry it to the other end of the trailer. Outside, the two adult rexes stay with them, walking in the same direction, watching them through the windows.

81 EXT TRAILERS NIGHT 81

Seen from outside, the light inside the trailers clearly illuminates Sarah and Malcolm as they carry the baby rex. The adult rexes tower over the trailer, twice as tall and nearly as long. They walk slowly alongside it, hunched over, watching their infant.

82 INT TRAILERS NIGHT 82

At the door to the trailer, Sarah un-muzzles the frantic baby. Despite her fear, Sarah is trembling with excitement as well as she watches the animals move outside the windows.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 82

SARAH
Ready?

Malcolm reaches for the door handle.

Nick is still fumbling with the camera, his hands shaking so violently he can't get the tape in.

Outside, the enormous rex heads pause for a moment, staring, surprised. Although terrified, Sarah actually starts to sing.

SARAH
(softly)
Born free, as free as the wind blows.
As free as the grass grows --

MALCOLM
(a realization)
You're insane.

SARAH
I swear to God, it works with lions
sometimes! There we are -- your baby
is free --

The baby, excited, wriggles free of them and lands on the ground outside. Malcolm closes the door.

The three of them freeze, not daring to breathe. Outside, they can hear the SNUFFLING and COOING of the animals as they inspect their young --

-- and then the soft THUD of their footsteps, growing fainter as they move away. A moment later, the phone RINGS again, loud, and they practically go through the roof. Malcolm picks it up. * * *

EDDIE (o.s.)
They're going back into the jungle. *

CUT TO:

83 EXT HIGH HIDE NIGHT 83

EDDIE and KELLY sag back against the railings of the high hide. Eddie still has the phone. *

EDDIE
She's fine. Hang on. *

He hands the phone to Kelly. *

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: 83

MALCOLM (o.s.)
Kelly? Are you all right?

Trembling, she can barely hold the phone to her ear. *

KELLY
Uh huh.

MALCOLM (o.s.)
Wait there. I'll be right up. Don't move, understand?

KELLY
I understand.

CUT TO:

84 INT TRAILER NIGHT 84

Finally, Nick gets the tape into his video camera. MALCOLM slumps against the wall of the trailer. SARAH and Nick sit on the floor leaning against the opposite wall, completely drained.

MALCOLM
You know, I beg people to listen to me. I use plain, simple English. I have no accent that I'm aware of . . .

SARAH
Oh, shut up.

MALCOLM
That should be an interesting chapter in your book.

SARAH
Forget the chapter -- it's a whole new book. The debate over the parental instincts of Tyrannosaurus rex is now academic.

NICK
There's an unwritten rule when a news crew is in a war zone. You stop the van every two miles and decide whether or not you feel lucky. One "no" from anybody in the group and you turn around right there, no questions asked, nobody embarrassed. So. Do we go on?

All three of them say "no" at once, then burst out laughing. Malcolm goes to the desk and picks up the radio microphone.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: 84

From the wall panel, the telephone starts to RING again. *
They all look at each other, afraid to pick it up. Now *
what?

MALCOLM
(thoughts racing ahead) *
Kelly.

He gets up, opens the door, and steps outside. But almost immediately, he returns, backing into the trailer, very slowly.

He backs up the steps and closes the door softly behind him.

SARAH
Ian?

MALCOLM
(ashen)
Hang on. This is going to be bad.

Before she can ask --

-- something huge SMASHES into the side of the trailer.

The whole side implodes and they're thrown against the far wall. There is an earsplitting CRACK of electricity, the entire trailer rocks and sparks a brilliant blue, and then everything goes black, INCLUDING THE RADIO CONSOLE.

Nick crawls over and looks out one of the windows. Outside, the flank of one of the tyrannosaurs wipes past the window, revealing the second tyrannosaur, charging straight at the trailer!

NICK
HANG ON TO SOMETHING!

They hurl themselves at the nearest solid object and hang on for dear life.

The charging rex SLAMS into the side of the trailer, which rocks up on one side, BANGS back down, and is quickly RAMMED again by the furious animal. This time the entire trailer rolls over, completely upside down.

Sarah, Nick, and Malcolm let go of their precarious handholds and drop onto the ceiling.

The tables, chairs, lab equipment, everything that's bolted down clings to the floor above them; everything that isn't RAINS DOWN ON THEM.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: 2 84

But the rexes aren't done. The trailer JOLTS INTO MOTION, sliding forward.

85 SEEN FROM OUTSIDE, 85

the upside down trailer, which is the rear of the two trailers, slides along the muddy ground, pushing up earth in front of it.

86 IN THE TRAILER, 86

SARAH
They're pushing us!

Malcolm, frantic, crawls to a window to get a look outside. He looks down and sees a T-rex footprint in the earth outside as they move past it.

He cranks his head to get a look at the direction in which they are being pushed.

His eyes widen at something he sees outside the window.

MALCOLM
Oh, God. They're pushing us over the cliff.

On the word "cliff," Sarah snaps her head toward Malcolm, utter panic raking her face.

The three of them crawl like hell toward the front of the trailer.

The opposite end of the trailer reaches the edge of the cliff and starts to tip ever so slightly downward. Malcolm sees Sarah's torn and muddy backpack. His eyes light with an idea and he scrambles over to it.

87 THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE FRONT TRAILER, 87

which is right-side-up, Nick can see the two rexes hard at it, pushing the front end of the trailer.

88 IN THE REAR TRAILER, 88

Nick has a pretty good grip at the top of the trailer, but Sarah can only cling to an air vent in the ceiling as stuff starts to roll and tumble past her, headed downhill.

The angle increases, the trailer dips, and now stuff starts to freefall, right past her, some SMASHING her in the head.

In the chaos, Malcolm notices Sarah's pack. It's open, and the satellite phone is tipping out of it. *

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: 88

He lunges over and catches the whole pack, saving the phone. *

The trailer continues to tip. Sarah, starting to be pulled downward, paws at the refrigerator, getting a grip on the handle. The door, held by a safety latch, doesn't open.

Below Sarah, debris falls to the rear window of the trailer. Through the CRACKING glass, we can see the surf, CRASHING five hundred feet below.

But now the trailer goes upright. The refrigerator bolts suddenly CRUNCH free of the wall.

The box strains on its power cord.

Still clinging to the handle, Sarah swings wildly as it starts to come loose, swaying above her.

The safety latch on the door gives, it swings open, and a shower of food BANGS off of her as gravity empties the contents.

Debris flies everywhere, some of it SMASHING into Malcolm, pounding the satellite phone right out of his hands.

Sarah loses her grip and plummets through the now-vertical trailer. She SCREAMS, covers her head, and SMASHES into the rear window. The glass spiderwebs, but does not break.

89 FIVE HUNDRED FEET BELOW, 89

an enormous wave POUNDS the rocky shore. Above, Sarah is a tiny figure, sprawled out on the glass, held invisibly by the breaking window.

90 IN THE TRAILER, 90

Nick and Malcolm SHOUT to her.

MALCOLM
SARAH!

NICK
DON'T MOVE!

Sarah, stunned by the fall, blinks a few times, regaining her senses. She looks down, at the crashing surf so far below.

For a person with a fear of heights, this is a real drag.

As she stares, the rocks seem to move even farther away from her. She blanches; the world spins around her.

SARAH
Oh . . . please . . . no . . .

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: 90

Her breath fogs the cracked glass. Slowly, she tries to get up, caaaaaaarefully pulling herself up to her hands and knees.

But as she puts pressure on her hands, the glass CRACKS even more, tiny spiderwebs shooting out around her fingers. The whole glass panel sags, bowing out around the bottom of the trailer.

UP ABOVE HER,

MALCOLM
Hang on! I can reach you!

He looks from her over to the satellite phone, which is precariously balanced on one leg of the kitchen table, its number pad still glowing green.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Nick! The satellite phone! Get it!

Malcolm starts lowering himself toward Sarah.

SARAH

looks to her right, at a metal grating that runs along the wall of the trailer. She shifts her weight, leaning on one hand to reach for the grating with the other.

NICK

crawls down and reaches for the satellite phone, its antenna just six inches from his outstretched fingers.

MALCOLM

crawls down toward Sarah as fast as he can.

SARAH

leans toward the metal grating, and hairline cracks shoot out around her pivot hand, snaking through the glass. The splintered glass spreads like a disease, reaching the edge of the frame.

NICK

has two fingers on the phone, but suddenly the whole trailer shudders and the heavy phone tips off the table leg and falls.

NICK
LOOK OUT!!

The phone SMASHES into the glass below, completely taking out the back window. Sarah falls through, SCREAMING, but Malcolm lunges --

-- AND CATCHES HER BY THE HAND!

91 UNDERNEATH THE TRAILER, 91

glass, food, lab equipment, and the precious satellite phone fall out the broken window and SMASH on the rocks far below.

Sarah dangles out the bottom of the trailer, held only by Malcolm's tenuous grip on her hand.

92 IN THE CLEARING, 92

the trailers are split, like an L, the rear trailer hanging straight down, the forward one resting on the edge of the cliff. Satisfied with their work, the T-rexes turn and lumber back into the jungle.

93 IN THE TRAILER, 93

Malcolm struggles mightily to haul Sarah back up. She reaches up with her free hand and finally gets hold of the metal grating.

94 ON THE CLIFFSIDE, 94

we realize the hanging trailer halted its descent because one corner of it is wedged in the branches of a tree that grows out from the muddy cliff. But now those branches SPLINTER.

95 IN THE TRAILER, 95

Nick sees the bellows, the connector between the trailers, stretch as the lower trailer JERKS and dips lower.

He turns and looks down, at Sarah and Malcolm below. He scrambles down toward them, opening kitchen drawers as he goes to make a sort of step-ladder. *
*
*

NICK
Climb! Fast! Don't ask why! *

BELOW HIM,

Sarah pulls herself up inside and she and Malcolm mountain-climb through the trailer's kitchen. Sarah inadvertantly kicks the faucet on as she struggles for purchase.

96 OUTSIDE, 96

the tree branch SNAPS and the trailer jerks, stretching down again. The bellows expands to its full length, stretching like a Slinky.

97 INSIDE, 97

Sarah slips and loses her grip, dropping a few feet. She grabs hold of the sink, the flowing water spraying her face.

98 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT 98

EDDIE CARR is in the driver's seat of one of the AAVs, racing through the jungle as fast as he can.

EDDIE
Hang on -- hang on --

The foliage SMACKS the windshield, then clears suddenly, revealing the endangered trailers on the cliffside ahead of him. The AAV bounces through the deep footprints left by the rex and SKIDS to a halt.

99 INT TRAILER NIGHT 99

Sarah loses her grip on the sink and falls, SMASHING into the frame of the half-broken rear window again.

100 OUTSIDE, 100

Eddie bolts out of the car and runs to the front trailer. He SHOUTS in through the broken front window.

EDDIE
HEY! HELLO?!

101 IN THE REAR TRAILER, 101

The three look up from their precarious positions.

MALCOLM
WE'RE IN HERE! GET SOME ROPE!

102 OUTSIDE, 102

Eddie turns and runs back to the AAV. He grabs a coil of rope, secures one end around a tree, and hurries back to the trailer.

103 IN THE FRONT TRAILER, 103

Eddie dashes over the mess in the front trailer and crawls out into the extended connector. He peers over the edge, down into the second trailer, and tosses the rope.

EDDIE
Catch!

The rope falls into the trailer, but gets hung up on a table leg above them. *

EDDIE (cont'd)
Damn it! *

Nick sees it and starts climbing, back up, nimbly scampering up the kitchen drawers he's pulled out. *

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: 103

But the trailer SHUDDERS, starting to move again.

SARAH
We're sliding!

NICK
Hang on! *

Holding on to one of the drawers, he has to stretch *
precariously over the middle of the trailer in order to reach *
the snagged rope. *

104 OUTSIDE, 104

Eddie runs out of the trailer in time to see the wheels dragging forward through the mud as the weight of the dangling trailer pulls the whole thing toward the edge of the cliff.

He runs for the AAV and grabs hold of the power winch on the front grill.

Behind him, the trailer rolls closer to the edge of the cliff.

Eddie races back to the trailer, pulling out a length of cable behind him. He runs up to the still-moving trailer, dives for its towing hook, the cable goes taut --

-- and he falls short. Just by six inches, but he's out of cable.

EDDIE

Damn it!

105 INSIDE THE TRAILER, 105

Nick lunges for the rope, leaping across the middle of the trailer. He lands, hard, on the table leg, which immediately starts to rip out of the wall. *

NICK

Grab hold! *

He tosses the rope and it falls, through the center of the trailer and out the shattered window below. *

Malcolm and Sarah, now together, catch the rope and cling to it near the bottom of the trailer as it shifts around them. *

As the table leg rips free, Nick shifts his weight to the rope, and now he dangles free in the middle of the trailer. *

106 OUTSIDE, 106

dirt and rocks pile up around the wheels and spill over the edge of the cliff.

Eddie, back at the AAV, reels out more winch cable. He turns and races back to the trailer just as gravity starts to LIFT THE FRONT END OFF THE GROUND!

Eddie dives again, and this time the cable hook CLICKS securely into the trailer's towing hook.

The trailer lurches toward the edge of the cliff and stops.

But the AAV is jerked forward by the sudden pressure.

107 IN THE TRAILER, 107

Nick clings to the rope in the middle of the trailer while Malcolm and Sarah try to struggle up it, but a sudden dip knocks them back, and their hands slide down the line.

SCREAMING, they slide through the trailer and their feet SMASH through the remains of the rear window.

Regaining hold of the rope at the very end, the two of them now find themselves hanging out the rear end of the trailer, dangling over the rocky shore below.

108 IN THE AAV, 108 *

Eddie hits the gas and the tires slosh in the mud, trying to get a grip. The AAV pulls just enough to lower the front trailer back to earth. But the tires spin, fighting to hold it there. *

109 ON THE CLIFFSIDE, 109

Sarah and Malcolm dangle, desperate.

110 IN THE AAV, 110 *

Eddie CHUNKS the shifter into four wheel drive and GUNS the engine. As the motor ROARS, the sound is topped by another ROAR, in the distance.

And this one's not a machine. But Eddie doesn't hear it. He GUNS the engine again. There is another ROAR from the jungle.

Eddie hears this one. He darts a look at the side view mirror. In it, he sees one of the TYRANNOSAURS bolt out of the jungle behind him.

He GASPS and looks at the other side view. In it, he sees the OTHER REX racing toward him.

The tyrannosaurs STOMP forward to confront the ROARING vehicle. The first rex bends over, CHOMPS down on the rear tire, and lifts the car in its teeth.

But the spinning tire ZINGS in the rex's mouth, burning it. Surprised by the fight in this foe, the rex loses its grip and the AAV BANGS back down onto the ground. *

Eddie, horrified, dives down under the steering wheel, to get away. The gas pedal pops up --

-- which makes the trailer pitch over the side of the cliff.

But the rex STOMPS down on the AAV to prevent its escape. The trailers stop. *

Now the rexes lean down, over the AAV, and focus on Eddie, who still cowers under the steering wheel. The first rex SNAPS at him, hitting the steering wheel and inflating the air bag.

Angry, the rex RIPS away the bag, POPPING it. But the rex takes most of the steering column with it, leaving Eddie fully exposed.

He SCREAMS and the second rex lashes in, seizing him in its teeth and tossing him out of the car.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: 110

Eddie pops up into the air between the two rexes, both their heads flash at him at the same time, and in a split-second, he disappears between their teeth.

Now completely ignored, the AAV rolls freely forward and the trailers drop over the edge of the cliff. *

111 INSIDE THE TRAILERS, 111

Malcolm, Sarah, and Nick cling to each other and the rope as the trailers fall around them. The windows flash by as the trailers plummet, equipment BANGS and SCRAPES them, but they hold on to the rope, still tied to the tree, for dear life.

Sarah's lucky backpack falls, its strap looping around Malcolm's neck, choking him.

112 ON THE CLIFFSIDE, 112

the trailers slide the rest of the way, exposing the three, who pop out the space where the front windshield was.

Dangling from the rope, they look up and see the AAV, which is now rolling to the edge of the cliff. *

It falls, past them, and the whole mess EXPLODES on the rocks below.

Finally, it is silent, except for the sound of the surf.

The three of them dangle there, suspended over their deaths. Slowly, they start the painful process of pulling themselves up.

But suddenly, from above them, a hand appears. Nick, who is closest to it, cranes his head back and looks up, sweat stinging his eyes, and sees --

-- ROLAND. Now two more hands appear over the edge of the cliff. LUDLOW and DIETER. Grateful, Nick, Malcolm and Sarah take their hands and are pulled to safety.

CUT TO:

113 EXT HUNTERS' CAMP NIGHT 113

Back in the hunters' now-demolished camp, the survivors of the night's two separate catastrophes combine their diminished supplies.

They have half a dozen large plastic containers of water, thirty-seven containers of food, ranging from Ziploc bags to

(CONTINUED)

aluminum tins, a variety of weapons, most of them borne on the hips or shoulders of the HUNTER team, the charred and scraggly remnants of several pieces of now-useless electrical equipment, a flare gun and several flares, somebody's tattered paperback ("Crime and Punishment"), a box of Hershey bars, a carton of Marlboros, and Sarah's lucky backpack.

ROLAND supervises the assembling of the resources, which are displayed in front of him. LUDLOW, NICK, MALCOLM, and KELLY, held tightly by her father, are with him.

SARAH and DR. BURKE have found each other and are consulting anxiously, heads nodding in agreement, while the others argue.

ROLAND
Our communication equipment's been destroyed. If your radio and satellite phone were in those trailers that went off the cliff --

MALCOLM
They were.

ROLAND
Then we're stuck here, ladies and gentlemen, and stuck together. Thanks to you people.

NICK
Hey, we came here to observe, you came to strip-mine the place!
(to Dieter, who is staring him down)
Back off.

LUDLOW
At least we came prepared. And until you intentionally destroyed all our --

MALCOLM
Prepared? Five years of work and a hundred miles of electrified fence couldn't prepare the other island, did you actually think a couple dozen Marlboro men would make a difference here?

NICK
It's a looter mentality. All you care about is what you can take. You have no right.

LUDLOW
An extinct animal that's brought back to life has no rights. It exists because we made it. We patented it. We own it.

NICK
(to Dieter)
Are you looking for a problem?

ROLAND
(recognizing Nick)
I know you. You're that little Earth First bastard, aren't you?

Sarah and Dr. Burke step in.

SARAH
Everyone, keep your voices down!

LUDLOW
Earth First? What's that?

ROLAND
They're professional saboteurs.

NICK
Environmentalists.

ROLAND
Criminals.

SARAH
Listen to me, by moving the baby rex into our camps, we may have changed the adults' perceived territory!

LUDLOW
Their what?

BURKE
That's why they persisted in destroying the trailers, they now feel they have to defend this entire area!

SARAH
We have to move. Right now.

NICK
Move where? Our boat, their airlift -- they're both waiting for an order we have no way to send.

Ludlow refers to the satellite photographs again.

LUDLOW
There's a communication center, here, in the old operations building. Hammond ran everything on geothermal power, it was never supposed to need replenishing. If we can get there, we can send a radio call for the airlift.

MALCOLM *
You've got their frequency written down somewhere? *

Ludlow holds up a small leather log book, which Roland abruptly snatches from his hand. *

ROLAND *
We'll mind that for you. *

He gives it to Ajay, who puts it in his pack. *

NICK
How far is the village?

LUDLOW
A day's walk, maybe more. That's not the problem.

ROLAND
What is?

LUDLOW
The velociraptors.

Malcolm looks up sharply. While Ludlow spreads out one of the satellite reconnaissance maps, Malcolm shepherds Kelly away from the conversation and mutters something to her quietly in the background.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
Our infrareds show their nesting sites are concentrated in the island interior. That's why we planned on keeping to the outer rim.

DIETER
What are velociraptors?

BURKE
Carnivores. Pack hunters. About two meters tall, long snouts, binocular vision, strong dexterous forearms, killing claws on both feet.

113 CONTINUED: 4 113

SARAH
And the rexes may continue to track us too, if they perceive a threat to themselves or the infant.

BURKE
No, you're wrong, they'll lose us once we're out of their territory.

SARAH
Don't bet on it. A tyrannosaur has the largest proportional olfactory cavity of any creature in the fossil record except for one. The turkey vulture. It could scent at up to ten miles.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: 5 113

LUDLOW
I say we head for the village.

DIETER
I'm certain we can handle ourselves against anything.

MALCOLM
_I'm_ quite certain you can't. We should head back down to the lagoon.

ROLAND
And do what? Sit out in the open, next to a heavily used water source, and _hope_ your boat captain decides to come back on his own?

NICK
He won't. He knows better.

ROLAND
Then we head for the village. We might find some shelter and we _can_ call for help. The rexes just fed, so they won't stalk us for food.

MALCOLM
"Just fed?" I assume you're talking about Eddie. You might show a little respect, the man saved our lives by giving his. *****

ROLAND
Then his problems are over. My point is, predators don't hunt when they're not hungry. ****

NICK
No. Only humans do.

ROLAND
You're breakin' our hearts. Saddle up. Let's get this moveable feast underway.

CUT TO:

114 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT 114

The SURVIVORS set forth, marching through the jungle in a column.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: 114

Two HUNTERS strap on small shoulder-mounted servo-flashlights. Wires run from the lights and end in sensor pads which they stick to the skin of their necks.

Thus attached, when the hunters turn their heads, the servo-lights turn with them, illuminating whatever direction they look in.

MALCOLM puts one arm around KELLY, pulls her tight, and they set off.

115 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT 115

A full moon rises as the humid night air settles over the jungle trees. Below, the foliage trembles as the column of MARCHERS makes its way across the island.

116 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT 116

MALCOLM, one arm around KELLY, marches alongside PETER LUDLOW.

MALCOLM
Say, I haven't had a chance to wish you luck with your new business venture. You're off to a very promising start.

LUDLOW
My team is intact, Doctor. I'm sorry for the loss of your man. It's very easy to criticize someone who generates an idea. Someone who takes all the risks, who puts everything out on the --

MALCOLM
You know, excuse me for interrupting, but when you try to sound like Hammond, it just comes off like a hustle, doesn't it? It's not your fault, they say talent skips a generation. I'm sure your kids'll be sharp as tacks.

LUDLOW
(fuming)
Hammond's reach exceeded his grasp. Mine does not.

MALCOLM
Taking dinosaurs off this island is the worst idea in the whole long, sad history of bad ideas. I'm going to be there when you learn that.

CUT TO:

117 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT 117

The march continues, as the moonlight falls in great shafts between the thickening trees.

NEAR THE FRONT OF THE LINE,

NICK falls into stride beside ROLAND. Roland notices him and rolls his eyes.

NICK
Hey. You seem like you've got a shred of common sense. What are you doing here?

ROLAND
Somewhere on this island, there exists the greatest predator that ever lived. And the second greatest predator must take him down.

Nick looks over at Roland's gun, still slung over his shoulder.

NICK
You plan on using that?

ROLAND
Unless he surrenders.

NICK
(reaches out for it)
May I see?

ROLAND
(calmly, not even looking)
Take that hand away.

Nick yanks his hand back. They march on. Nick's getting pissed off.

NICK
What's the matter with you? This animal exists on the planet for the first time in tens of millions of years, and the only way you can express yourself is to kill it?

ROLAND
You remember that chap, about twenty *
years ago, forgot his name, but he *
climbed Everest without any oxygen,
came down nearly dead. *

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: 117

ROLAND (cont'd)
And they asked him, "Why did you go up there to die?" And he said "I didn't. I went up there to live."Yeah.

NICK
The difference is the mountain got to live too.

CUT TO:

117A EXT JUNGLE DAWN 117A *

As a purple dawn dissolves the night sky, the march continues on. But now the angle of the ground beneath the MARCHERS is changing. They're headed down, toward the interior of the island. *

As SARAH marches, we notice something on the front of her shirt and drift down to check it out. It's a bloodstain, a dark purple smear, still wet. She brushes through some palm fronds, which snap back behind her -- * * * *

-- and now they are smeared with a few drops of blood, which drip onto the jungle trail. Unnoticed. * *

117B EXT JUNGLE DAY 117B

As the MARCHERS stagger on, downward, they hear a terrible GROWLING and SNAPPING from deep in the jungle as some unlucky prey struggles unsuccessfully for its life.

ROLAND pulls his gun around, ever ready. They continue on.

118 EXT JUNGLE DAY 118 *

The SURVIVORS are now exhausted, some starting to seriously tire, and there are spaces in the column. ROLAND notices. *

ROLAND
FIVE MINUTE BREAK!

Immediately, the marchers drop where they stood, absolutely drained. Roland leans his gun against a rock and starts to sit down, but LUDLOW, holding the satellite map, calls out to him. * * * *

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: 118

LUDLOW *
Roland! C'mere a minute! *

Roland goes over to consult with him, taking the map away. *
NICK comes up and sits on the rock in his place. *

He notices Roland's gun, leaning against the rock, untended. *
He stares at it for a second, thinking. Then he looks over at *
Roland. Then down at his shoes, thinking some more. *

Finally, his eyes creep back up to the gun. *

AT THE REAR OF THE GROUP, *

DIETER STARK pulls a wad of toilet paper from his pack, drops the pack on the ground, and turns to the Hunter nearest him -- CARTER, his driver, who has his back turned.

DIETER
Wait here for me, will ya Carter?

He steps off the path, into the jungle. But as we come around the front of Carter, we see he's wearing a Walkman, the headphones BLARING tinnily in his ears.

And he didn't hear a word.

119 EXT THICK OF THE JUNGLE DAY 119

Only a few feet off the path, it's primary forest, the growth so thick that almost all sunlight is obscured. DIETER claws forward until he finds a suitable spot to relieve himself.

He clears away a bunch of leaves and debris and raises his hand to his belt buckle.

He freezes, hearing something we didn't. He glances around, head darting, alert to any danger. Nothing there. Just a few distant ANIMAL CALLS --

-- and a SCURRYING sound to his left.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: 119

Dieter snaps his head in that direction. At first, he sees nothing, but as he moves closer, gun extended in front of him, he sees a small dinosaur, a COMPSOGNATHUS, the same kind that sniffed his boot earlier.

DIETER
It's not polite to --

He pulls the steel rod out of a loop in his belt and touches it to the compy's back. The blue bolt of electricty CRACKS and dances over the compy's body and it convulses in pain.

DIETER (cont'd)
-- sneak up on people.

The wounded compsognathus scurries back into the jungle, whimpering.

Dieter clambers through the foliage ten or twelve paces, pushes aside two large palm fronds, and steps out into --

-- more jungle. He stops, puzzled, not sure if he went back or forwards.

He looks behind him. He pauses, recalculating the path he took coming into the jungle, MUTTERING to himself, gesturing with his hands, retracing his steps.

He adjusts his angle slightly to the right and heads off in that direction. But after five or six hard-fought steps, he stops again. Still nothing but jungle.

DIETER
HEY!! CARTER! YELL OR SOMETHING, I GOT TURNED AROUND IN HERE!

120 ON THE TRAIL, 120

Dieter's cries are faint, but audible. The only Marcher near enough to hear him is CARTER, but the Walkman is blaring in his ears.

DIETER (o.s.)
(faintly)
. . . Carter . . . me? . . .

121 IN THE JUNGLE, 121

Dieter hears that SCURRYING sound again, this time from his right. He adjusts his angle again and SCRAPES through the foliage, moving faster and faster.

Panicking, he tries to run, but the roots rise high out of the ground in the jungle, and he trips on one and falls flat on his face.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: 121

He looks up. The SCURRYING sound comes again, this time ten times louder than before, like a hundred feet coming at him. Dieter GASPS as something rushes in at him.

He whirls to his right. Whatever it is rushes in from that side as well. And the left. And behind him. Dieter scrambles up into a sitting position --

-- and laughs. He is surrounded by at least forty compys now, the same as the one he wounded. As one, they SHRIEK and hurl themselves forward, covering Dieter's body. *

Their teeth and claws FLASH as they each try to grab a scrap of his flesh, tearing savagely.

Dieter SCREAMS and flails, waving his arms and legs wildly. Some of the tiny animals lose their grip and sail off, SMASHING into trees or the ground.

But dozens of others hang on, and Dieter falls over backwards, now lying on his back on the ground.

Hysterical, he fights like hell to get to his feet, SCREAMING, shaking, swatting the compys loose.

He spins, and that tactic seems to work, as the compys themselves begin to panic and drop off of him.

But he also loses his grip on his weapon, which goes flying, landing in the thick foliage five or six feet from him.

Losing the attack, the compys turn and dart away en masse, stopping ten yards away from him.

DIETER
Carter?! CARTERCARTERCARTER!

He waits, hoping for someone to call back. But no one does.

The compys, however, turn and regroup, facing him in a line, hopping up and down, CHIRPING and SHRIEKING.

Dieter bounds into the foliage, looking for his gun. But the compys follow him in and he's forced to flee, abandoning his lost weapon.

Ten feet on, he stops, knowing he's screwed without the gun. He turns to face the pursuing compys.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: 2 121

They stop.

Dieter charges them, SHOUTING, waving his arms.

The compys turn and run. Dieter stops.

The compys stop. They stare back at him. There is a moment of quiet, then they start to hop again, CHIRPING and SQUEALING.

Dieter, tired of this game, turns and runs away. The compys follow.

122 EXT JUNGLE DAY 122

ROLAND reaches past NICK, picks up his gun, and SHOUTS to the convoy.

ROLAND
Break's over, move on!

The exhausted marchers drag themselves back to their feet and start to march again. At the rear of the group, someone taps Carter, who is still listening to his music.

Carter gets up, hoists his backpack, and marches away. Behind him, Dieter's pack is left, forgotten, on the jungle trail.

123 EXT DEEP IN THE JUNGLE DAY 123

DIETER stumbles along, exhausted. He reaches the edge of a stream that runs under the foliage, and his feet slip on the stones. He falls, into the rocky stream.

DIETER
Carter?! Somebody?! Anybody, please, I'M IN HERE!!

Behind him, the army of compys pours over the little hill he just crested. They disappear for a moment, down an incline --

-- and then swarm over his body. In a frenzy of splashing, Dieter shrugs them off and crawls away, through the stream. He gets to his feet but falls again, this time over a log. A geyser of water splashes up in the air behind the log as Dieter drops out of sight.

The compys leap over the log and disappear from view too, throwing up their own splashes of water. SCREECHING, CHIRPING, and the sound of TEARING flesh mixes with Dieter's SCREAMS.

Now, as more compys leap over the log and splash into the water below, the geysers that shoot up into our field of view are pink. And then they're a deep, deep red.

123A EXT JUNGLE DAY 123A

ROLAND stands facing CARTER, Dieter's driver. NICK, MALCOLM, and SARAH are behind him.

ROLAND
Damn it. When was the last time you saw him? *

CARTER
Ten, fifteen minutes.

Roland thinks, then points at Carter and another HUNTER.

ROLAND
You and you. Come with me. If he's alive, we'll find him. The rest of you, keep straight on, in ten minutes you should reach the ridge. Wait for us there.

He starts off, back the way they came. He stops and lowers his voice, speaking over his shoulder to them.

ROLAND (cont'd)
And no one tells the little girl.

123B EXT JUNGLE DUSK 123B *

As the sun wanes, the rest of the marchers continue on. *

124 THRU 125 OMITTED 124 THRU 125

126 EXT ISLAND RIDGE DUSK 126

The column of MARCHERS has finally reached the island ridge, where they are silhouetted against the setting sun. From this vantage point, one can see all the way to the far side of the island, a rim of hard black cliff, miles away. Between here and the cliffs there's nothing but undulating jungle.

NICK and SARAH look up as ROLAND, CARTER, and the other HUNTER emerge from the foliage, sweat-streaked and exhausted. Carter and the other Hunter drop onto the ground; Roland walks to the ridge and takes a deep swig of water.

SARAH
Did you find him?

ROLAND
Just the parts they didn't like.

At the ridge, he picks up one of the satellite recon photos and studies it, looking out at the view over the island.

(CONTINUED)

ROLAND (cont'd) *
The operations building is down in *
there, about a mile and a half *
northwest from the base of these *
cliffs. *

(CONTINUED)

He turns and looks around at the exhausted marchers, who have made a temporary camp, some in tents, others just splayed out on the ground. * * *

ROLAND (cont'd) *
The climb down won't be easy. We'll eat first. Sleep. One hour. Then we hit it. * * *

CUT TO:

127 EXT CAMPSITE NIGHT 127

The group has made camp in the jungle. The mood is somber, most of the MARCHERS asleep already, the nocturnal jungle HOOTING and BUZZING around them. Three or four tents have been put up.

128 IN ONE TENT, 128

KELLY is lying on a sleeping bag. MALCOLM is next to her, stroking her hair, talking to her softly.

MALCOLM
I'm not going to let anything happen to you. You know that, don't you? You're the most important thing in my life, Kelly, and I'll do anything for you.

KELLY
Anything?

MALCOLM
In the world.

KELLY
Okay. Marry Sarah.

That wasn't what he had in mind.

KELLY (cont'd)
You know you want to. Nothing else could ever have made you come to this island. Only Sarah. You need an anvil to fall on your head before you get it?

Malcolm just looks at her. Before he can answer, SARAH crawls into the tent.

SARAH
You guys got room for one more?

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: 128

KELLY
Ask him.

Sarah looks at Malcolm.

MALCOLM
Huh? Uh, yeah. Yeah, of course.

He kisses Kelly on the forehead.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
Stop thinking and get some sleep.
I'll take one more look around camp
and be back in two minutes.

He slips out of the tent. Sarah hangs her overshirt over a bar and notices Kelly is staring at her, smiling.

SARAH
Are you okay?

KELLY
Me? I'm great.

129 AT THE EDGE OF CAMP, 129

ROLAND, gun slung over his shoulder, gets a boost from AJAY and climbs a tree that's a short distance into the jungle, near the camp.

He finds a comfortable resting place in the branches and settles back, studying the night trees around him.

130 IN THE CLEARING, 130

Malcolm walks across the center of the clearing, listening carefully, studying the jungle trees, trying to sense any danger.

131 OMITTED 131 *

132 IN SARAH'S TENT, 132

Kelly and Sarah are sleeping lightly. Sarah's shirt hangs over them, swaying in the gentle breeze coming through the open flap.

As the shirt dangles there, swinging softly from side to side, *
we notice the broad smear of blood across the front. And if *
we didn't remember where the blood came from last time we saw *
it, it should hit us now. The baby T-rex. *

Sarah, looking at the shirt now instead of wearing it, *
notices it and suddenly opens her eyes wide in alarm. *

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: 132

SARAH *
Oh, no. *

As she stares at it, the shirt seems to vibrate, to jump a little where it's hanging. Sarah sits up. *

BMBB! *

133 AT THE EDGE OF CAMP, 133 *

Malcolm stops in his tracks. He felt it. *

133A UP IN THE TREE, 133A *

Roland sits upright. He felt it too. *

BMBB! *

134 BACK IN SARAH'S TENT, 134 *

Sarah SNATCHES the shirt from where it's hanging and flings it to the dirt. She paws at the ground, digging a hole with her bare hands as fast as she can and shoving the shirt into it. *

KELLY *
What are you- *

SARAH *
DIG! FAST! *

Kelly joins in. *

135 AT THE EDGE OF CAMP, 135 *

BMBB! *

Roland runs quietly out of the bush, hurrying to join Malcolm at the edge of the camp. *

ROLAND *
Did you -- *

MALCOLM *
Yes. *

They pause, listening. No sound for a moment. *

ROLAND *
No no. I think we're okay. *

A recent rain has left puddles scattered around the camp. *

BMBB! *

135 CONTINUED: 135

The puddles ripple, concentric circles spreading to the outer edges. Impact tremors. * *

MALCOLM
No. We're not.

136 IN SARAH'S TENT, 136

Sarah and Kelly shove dirt over the now-buried shirt and then frantically seal up any opened food into Ziploc bags. *

BMBB!

Now they leap into Sarah's sleeping bag, to seal themselves, and draw the zipper up, all the way around. Outside, the silhouette of the rex's head passes by the tent. Sarah works faster, struggling to close the last few inches, but --

-- the rex head pokes through the flap of the tent. It sniffs, SNORTING as it looks around the tent. It sniffs the ground where they buried the shirt. The adult tyrannosaur GURGLES, COOING and cocking its head curiously. * *

In the sleeping bag, Sarah and Kelly's eyes are barely visible, wide in panic. The rex sniffs and nudges the bag, trying to figure out what this thing is.

It rolls the bag over once, decides it's uninteresting, and then rises, straight up --

-- taking the whole tent with it! The stakes pop out of the ground as the tent rises high up into the air and flutters away, leaving the sleeping bag fully exposed on the ground beneath it.

137 IN THE CAMPSITE, 137

Roland and Malcolm are back in the clearing, standing out in the open as Roland tries to draw a bead on the moving rex. Now panic hits as the sleeping HUNTERS wake up and start to flee in all directions. Malcolm SCREAMS at them.

MALCOLM
FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T RUN! *

The rex turns, to face the fleeing Hunters, and its head is now exposed. Roland, gun to his shoulder, has it right on the bead at the end of his gunsight.

He squeezes the trigger --

-- and the gun CLICKS. Roland GASPS. He breaks the gun open and looks at the barrels in astonishment. They're empty.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM
YOU DIDN'T LOAD IT?!

ROLAND
OF COURSE I DID!

Malcolm, meanwhile, sees the sleeping bag across the camp, and Sarah and Kelly trying to claw their way out of it. He takes off, running straight toward them, but the wave of flushed prey SLAMS into him, knocking him off his feet.

MALCOLM
KEELLLLLY!

But he is pounded to the ground and trampled under the feet of the fleeing Hunters. He rolls, CRUNCHING into the base of a rock face.

NICK bursts out of the crowd, sees Kelly and Sarah struggling to get out of the sleeping bag, and grabs each by an arm. He rips them to their feet and sweeps them off ahead of him, into the jungle. Sarah scoops up her lucky backpack as they run away.

Now the SECOND TYRANNOSAUR steps out of the jungle. The fleeing Hunters, as one, make a uniform direction change to evade it. The Second Rex pursues them down a narrow ravine.

The first rex, meanwhile, stands its ground, BELLOWING at Roland, who scrambles across the ground and CLANGS open a metal box, revealing three tranquilizer rifles. A yellow tag screams:

WARNING! VETERINARY TRANQUILIZERS
CONTAIN CONCENTRATED NERVE AGENTS!
USE EXTREME CAUTION!

AT THE EDGE OF CAMP,

Malcolm claws his way up the steep rock face, pulls himself over the top, and leaps to his feet.

IN THE CAMP,

Roland is on his knees, frantically loading one of the tranquilizer guns. He breaks it open, revealing the cartridge bay. But the first rex has him on its mind.

It charges.

Roland works frantically, SNAPPING two tranquilizer dart cartridges into the bay as the rex closes in. It's only forty yards away.

137 CONTINUED: 2 137

Still fumbling with the cartridges, Roland rolls over onto his back. The rex draws closer still, now thirty yards away.

Roland SMACKS the gun shut and raises it to his shoulder. The rex closes to twenty yards, then ten, then it pulls up short and BELLOWS FURIOUSLY, right in Roland's face. Roland closes one eye and draws a bead on it.

ROLAND
Please God work fast.

His finger tightens on the trigger.

138 IN THE RAVINE, 138

Kelly, in the middle of the fleeing crowd with Sarah and Nick, hears her father screaming her name and looks up. Malcolm is on the rock ridge above them, running alongside.

MALCOLM
KELLY, GET OUT OF THERE!

But Kelly continues to flee, as the SECOND TYRANNOSAUR is in the ravine, and drawing closer to the group.

Some Hunters try to leap up and scale the rocks, but the ravine is deepening, there's no way out. The rex picks up the hunters' VETERINARIAN, who's trailing behind the others. The rex snaps its massive head left and right quickly, to break its victim's neck.

The Veterinarian goes flying forward and crashes into --

-- CARTER, Dieter's driver, who stumbles and falls. The rest of the fleeing humans run around or over him, but when the rex catches up it STOMPS right down on him. When the rex lifts its foot, we see Carter is actually stuck to the bottom of it --

-- and when the animal takes its next step it CRUSHES him into the earth.

139 UP ON THE ROCK RIDGE, 139

Malcolm is frantic. Forsaking better judgment, he leaps out into space, right off the rock face. He drops, fifteen feet, landing hard in the ravine.

140 DOWN IN THE RAVINE, 140

it's obvious no one is going to outrun the rex, and Nick knows it. He bursts ahead of Sarah and Kelly and spots something off to his left.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: 140

It's a waterfall, apparently right in front of a sheer rock face. But there's something about the way the water is falling that tells him something.

NICK
SARAH KELLY COME HERE!

He grabs each of them and hauls them forward, running straight at the waterfall. Apparently, he intends to jump right into the rock, and he's dragging them along with him.

SARAH
WHAT ARE YOU-

NICK
JUMP!

The three of them spring right at the waterfall and disappear THROUGH the water.

DR. BURKE, fleeing along with everyone else, is watching as they vanish.

141 BEHIND THE WATERFALL, 141

there is a small recess, which is what Nick had hoped for. It's only four or five feet deep, but it's just enough for him, Sarah, and Kelly to cower behind the flowing water. Breathless, terrified, they can hear the mayhem outside.

NICK
Shhhhh . . . shhhh . . .

With an enormous SPLASH, something bursts through the cascading water and crashes into them. It's BURKE.

BURKE
Get out of the way!

He bulls his way up against the far wall, as far away from the water as he can.

FOOOOM! Now another shape bursts through the watery curtain.

A Tyrannosaur head. Burke gave away the hiding spot.

The four SCREAM as the rex's jaws SNAP left and right, searching for them, falling just inches short. They squeeze as far back against the wall as they can get.

The rex can't quite get its head all the way through the opening, so it uses its tongue. A long, dark blue shape slithers out of its mouth and touches the humans, trying to wrap around them, to pull them out of the cave.

141 CONTINUED: 141

Burke, blind with panic, forces himself even further into the cave, which pushes Kelly further out.

SARAH
STOP YOU'RE PUSHING HER OUT STOP IT!

But Burke doesn't listen, throwing elbows to make room for himself. His movements dislodge a portion of muddy earth, and a flurry of enormous centipedes, eight or nine inches long each, pour out of the wall and swarm over his face and neck.

Burke SCREAMS and instinctively leaps away, toward the flowing water.

And that's all the leverage the rex needs. It curls its tongue, wrapping Burke up in it and pulling him between its teeth. SCREAMING hideously, he is dragged out, through the waterfall, and disappears.

Sarah, Nick, and Kelly stare in horror as the white screen of water turns pink.

The screams fade as Burke is carried off by the rex, but suddenly ANOTHER FIGURE bursts through the flowing water, startling them.

MALCOLM. He throws his arms around Kelly and pulls her tight. He holds onto her as she cries, and he won't let go again. He looks up, over her shoulder, and sees Nick standing there, breathing hard.

MALCOLM
Thank you.

142 IN A JUNGLE CLEARING, 142

the routed Hunters emerge from the ravine. Ahead of them, there is a large open plain covered by long "elephant" grass.

AJAY, running along with them, stops abruptly at the edge of the grass, SHOUTING to the others.

AJAY
NO! DON'T GO INTO THE LONG GRASS!

But in the frenzy, they ignore him. Ajay, torn between a sense of responsibility and his better judgment, opts for the former and races into the grass after the other Hunters, waving his arms.

FURTHER IN THE GRASS,

the group of Hunters wades into the middle of the long grass. One of them stops and turns, looking back at the jungle trees. The rexes are nowhere to be seen.

(CONTINUED)

HUNTER
They gave up! They're not chasing us!

In the distance, AJAY'S VOICE can be heard, faintly calling to them to come back. But in the giddiness of their escape, they pay it no mind. They continue plowing into the high grass.

ABOUT FIFTY YARDS AWAY,

the tops of three animal heads rise up slowly, backlit by the full moon. They glimpse the Hunter party and descend, back into the grass.

BACK WITH THE HUNTERS,

they continue forward, oblivious. Now behind them, four more heads rise up in the grass. And then descend.

On all sides of the Hunters, the grass ripples as animals move forward toward them, undetected, inexorable as torpedoes.

And these torpedoes are on target. One Hunter is suddenly dragged down, yanked silently below the surface of the tall grass.

In his place, a long, lizard-like tail rises up as the animal drops its head to make the kill.

Behind him, two more Hunters are taken down, and two more animal tails rise up in their place. A Hunter ahead hears the RUSTLING and turns. His face turns white as, behind him --

-- a VELOCIRAPTOR springs out of the grass.

Velociraptor runs upright on its powerfully muscled hind legs, the second toe of each foot bearing an extra-large curved claw, carried in a retracted position, with which it slashes on attack.

Like now. This raptor SNARLS and SLAMS into the body of the Hunter, taking him down. A feeding frenzy ensues.

The Hunters run in all directions, but are pulled down and vanish into the twitching long grass.

Another raptor enters from the right, leaps high into the air, past the full moon, SLAMS into the chest of more human prey, and takes him down, into the grass.

Behind them, Ajay's face falls, defeated. He looks around, realizing he too is now stranded in the middle of the long grass. Around him, four torpedo trails head straight for him.

Ajay simply closes his eyes.

143 AT THE EDGE OF THE GRASS, 143

MALCOLM, KELLY, NICK, and SARAH race out of the ravine and reach the edge of the elephant grass. Heedless of the danger within, they plunge inside.

After ten yards or so, Nick stops, noticing something on the ground. * *

NICK *
Hey. It's Ajay's pack. *

He picks it up, curious. Malcolm stops, hearing something. It's a very familiar SNARL. He whirls. Off to the side, the grass is shivering, quaking.

MALCOLM
Oh, my God.

SARAH
What is it?!

MALCOLM
GO GO AS FAST AS YOU CAN, GO!

Nick He grabs Kelly by the hand and they all take off, running through the tall grass. Behind them, the grasses part and a VELOCIRAPTOR leaps up, SNARLING, its jaws bloodied.

The four Survivors plow ahead, the tall grass slapping at their faces, blinding them. But they stagger on.

Around them, the SNARLS and HISSES of the pursuing raptors come closer and closer, so they run faster and faster, just plunging headlong through the tall grass, until suddenly --

-- the ground disappears from beneath them.

144 ON THE HILLSIDE, 144

the Survivors fall down a steep hillside, the foliage tearing and cutting at them. The angle of the slope gets steeper and steeper, they're in a rolling, GRUNTING, painful free fall.

145 EXT VALLEY OF DEATH NIGHT 145

The four SURVIVORS roll out at the base of the incline, landing in a series of hard THUDS. Malcolm lands on his bad leg, which twists unnaturally beneath him. The others scramble to their feet, but it appears the raptors did not follow them over the edge.

NICK
(to Malcolm)
Can you walk?

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: 145

MALCOLM

I'm fine.

But, as he staggers to his feet, we see he isn't, his leg has been badly reinjured. Malcolm GASPS, but it isn't a gasp of pain, he's looking ahead in wonderment. The others all follow his gaze.

SARAH

God help us.

They're standing in a flat, sandy area lined with boulders at the sides. The flat area stretches fifty yards from side to side and as far as they can see ahead. But that's not what amazes them so.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: 2 145

Everywhere, the sand is dotted with dinosaur skeletons. Some are huge, apatosaurs, sixty feet from head to tail tip. Others are smaller, herbivores of many different kinds.

The more intact skeletons lie on their sides, their ribcages arcs of pale bone. But just as many have been ripped apart, bits of carcass tossed in every direction.

MALCOLM
Look, there it is!

He points. In the distance, at the far end of the stream bed, they can see the skeletal remains of the worker village, looming in the moonlight.

NICK *
They said the communication center's *
in the operations building. I'll get *
in there and send the radio call. *
See you there! *

SARAH *
Wait for us! *

NICK *
Every minute counts! Anybody who *
thinks they can keep up is welcome to *
try! *

And he takes off, running as fast as he can, which is quite fast. The others follow, tiny figures moving among the mountainous skeletons by the light of the full moon. *

145A UP AHEAD, 145A *

As NICK runs full tilt through the dinosaur graveyard, the shapes around him change. They're not bones any more, they're pipes, the animal skeletons now given over to the lifeless remains of manmade objects, twisted, rotting machinery. He hurries over a small rise -- *

146 THRU 147 OMITTED 146 THRU 147 *

148 EXT WORKER VILLAGE NIGHT 148

-- and finds himself at the edge of what was once Isla Sorna's worker village. The size of a football field, the town is divided by a main street that's dotted on both sides by stores, residences, cafes, a gas station.

All the way at the far end is a large, blocky, four-story building. But the town is a mess.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: 148

The hurricane that hit here must have been ferocious, for everywhere things are smashed, broken, upended.

And the jungle has stepped into the breach, growing up, around, and over everything. Huge root systems snake through the street, making it almost impassable.

Nick takes off again, blasting down the street, toward the operations building at the far end. He bounds up the steps, makes it inside, and SLAMS the heavy wooden door behind him. *

148A INT COMMUNICATIONS ROOM NIGHT 148A

Mushrooms and fungi sprout from the carpet in the town's dusty, vine-hung communications room. On one wall, there is a mural of what the completed Jurassic Park would have looked like. Big hotels, Ford Explorers with tourists leaning out the windows taking pictures, big crowds at the fences around the animal exhibits. But none of it came true, and now even the mural is runny and dust-covered.

Breathless, NICK barges into the room and his eyes fall on a sophisticated radio console that's built into one wall. He races to it and flips switches. He waits, desperate --

-- and the console glows brightly, all green, red, and yellow as it HUMS to life. Nick SIGHS in relief.

He turns and looks at a row of light switches on the wall next to them. He flicks them, and lights SIZZLE to life in the ceiling above him. One or two bulbs BURST, but the rest still work. *

CUT TO:

148B EXT RUINED CAMPSITE NIGHT 148B *

Back in the ruined campsite, abandoned now, completely destroyed by the fleeing Hunters and the marauding tyrannosaurs, a flap of canvas stirs on the ground.

PETER LUDLOW crawls out from underneath, out of the muddy puddle in which he was hiding. He gets to his feet and looks around in horror, at the devastation.

He turns to his right and stops, freezing in his tracks. His jaw drops open, his eyes widen like saucers --

-- and then he smiles, an enormous, delighted, Christmas-morning grin. He walks forward, slowly, toward something we don't see, that grin spreading like a fungus across his face.

CUT TO:

149 EXT WORKER VILLAGE NIGHT 149 *

MALCOLM, SARAH, and KELLY limp up to the main gates of the worker village, a few minutes after Nick. Up ahead, they see a faint glowing light in one of the windows of the communications building. *

SARAH *
Look! A light! He made it! He must have made it! Don't you think he made it?! *

MALCOLM *
I think -- *

He stops, as a low ROARING sound starts to come from all around them. Instinctively, they all huddle together, Malcolm pulling Kelly close to him. They look around for the source of the noise, to the left, to the right, then finally up -- *

-- at the helicopter that banks over the town, headed for the roof of the main building. *

MALCOLM (cont'd) *
HE MADE IT!! *

They all SHOUT and wave to the helicopter as NICK breaks out onto the roof of the operations building in the distance, SHOUTING and waving at them. A light rain falls as they start down the street, double timing it, headed for the main building. Now only a hundred yards away, they're close enough to read a sign over the door -- "InGen Bioengineering. We Make Your Future." *

From the roof, Nick's SHOUTS grow louder, but they're lost under the ROAR of the helicopter. *

SARAH *
What's he saying? *

Nick is now pointing frantically. Behind them -- *

-- a VELOCIRAPTOR jumps onto a fallen tree. *

MALCOLM *
I can't hear him, just keep going. *

The raptor springs. It SLAMS into SARAH, the last person in the group, and takes her down.

She's thrown forward, into the others, who fall like dominoes.

Sarah SCREAMS, but the raptor has sunk its teeth into her lucky backpack. It snaps its head violently, ripping the pack right off of her.

149 CONTINUED: 149

Sarah rolls away, hard, as the raptor momentarily concentrates on disemboweling her pack, thinking it was part of her.

Sarah starts to get to her feet, but her eyes widen at the sight of a SECOND RAPTOR, this one running straight at her at top speed.

She buries her face in the dirt, covering her head with her hands --

-- and the raptor's foot SLAMS into the ground between her legs as it bounds over her and joins the first raptor in the "kill."

Panicked, the three of them stagger to their feet. Sarah rolls hard to the side and crawls frantically toward a tall, corrugated metal building at the side of the street. *

Malcolm, holding Kelly behind him, stops short, face to face with a raptor, just ten yards away from it. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Sarah in the door of the metal building. He shoves Kelly in that direction. *

MALCOLM
GO! FOLLOW SARAH! I'LL KEEP IT HERE! *

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: 2 149

KELLY
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?!

MALCOLM
I LOVE YOU! RUN LIKE HELL! *

He shoves her, hard, and she takes off running, toward the building Sarah went in. The raptor lunges in that direction, to pursue her, but Malcolm cuts it off, SHOUTING as he does so. *

The raptor stops, surprised. Malcolm SCREAMS at it. The raptor cocks its head curiously. Lotta fight in this animal.

Malcolm charges straight at the raptor, SCREAMING, pounding his chest. For about three seconds, he looks great --

-- but the raptor doesn't run. Instead, it opens its mouth wide and SNARLS right back.

Malcolm skids to a halt. That was pretty much it for his attack plan. He looks behind him, just in time to see Kelly make it into the metal building. But that's much too far for him now. He darts between the idled gasoline pumps and into the gas station building, closing the door behind him. *

The raptor bounds after him, SLAMMING into the door.

Meeting resistance, it bounces off, notices the plate glass window next to the door, and pounces at that. The window SHATTERS and the raptor clings to the ledge, staring inside, its tail hanging out.

Just as it gets inside, Malcolm opens the door and comes back out, keeping the piece of wall between them. The raptor whirls and springs, forcing him back inside, through the door again.

Willing to play along, the raptor turns and jumps through the window again.

150 INT GAS STATION NIGHT 150

Balancing on the window frame, the raptor HISSES and crouches, ready to spring at Malcolm. Malcolm takes cover behind the door, which is hanging open between them.

The raptor springs into the door, BLASTING it off its hinges, knocking Malcolm right through a window behind him.

But the door SMACKS up against the wall, covering the window, preventing the raptor from following Malcolm out that way.

151 EXT GAS STATION NIGHT 151

Malcolm flies through the window and CRUNCHES to the ground. *

152 OMITTED 152

153 INT KILN HOUSE NIGHT 153

High above SARAH and KELLY, we see they have taken shelter in a three story kiln house, a windowless shed used for firing pottery and other construction projects. Scaffolding and catwalks lined with heavy chains hang above them, and on the floor below, they turn in circles, wondering what to do now. *

From outside the kiln house, they hear SCRATCHING, digging sounds. From the other side of the door comes an animal SNORT, and a small puff of dust and dirt billows up through the crack along the ground. *

154 ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, 154 *

the claws of one of the raptors dig furiously, trying to tunnel underneath. *

155 INSIDE, 155 *

Sarah and Kelly run to the opposite wall, fall to their knees, and start digging a tunnel of their own, clawing frantically at the dirt. *

Behind them, the raptor's digging violently, and a rack full of hanging tools sways and CLANKS as it tears at the earth below it. *

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED: 155

Sarah and Kelly dig faster. So does the raptor. *

With about eight inches of space under the wall, Sarah grabs hold of the bottom of one of the planks and pries it up as hard as she can. It snaps off with a loud CRACK. *

At the door, the raptor stops digging. It's silent for a moment. Sarah has a good foot and a half of space under her wall now. She gestures to Kelly to climb through. *

SARAH *
Go! Under there! *

Kelly starts to lower her body into it -- *

-- JUST AS THE RAPTOR'S CLAWS FLASH THROUGH FROM THE OTHER SIDE! *

Kelly SCREAMS and Sarah grabs hold of her. She drags her back and they both jump to their feet. Sarah looks up, at the catwalks above them. *

SARAH (cont'd) *
Can you climb this stuff? *

Kelly doesn't answer, she just leaps, grabbing hold of one of the catwalks and swinging her body nimbly up and over the top, landing on her feet. *

SARAH (cont'd) *
(impressed) *
Yeah, I guess you can. *

She leaps too, not quite as gracefully, but with the same result. They start to climb, leaping from one catwalk to another. When they're about halfway up, the corrugated metal door BANGS open and MALCOLM bursts in, worried out of his mind. *

MALCOLM *
KELLY?! *

KELLY *
Up here! *

Malcolm races to the scaffolding and grabs hold. He starts the climb up. *

Just as his feet clear the ground, the raptor manages to work its entire head through the hole Sarah was digging. It SNARLS and SNAPS. *

MALCOLM *
Oh, shit. *

155 CONTINUED: 2 155

He climbs faster. Up above, Sarah and Kelly have nearly made it to the top. But below, the raptor SPLINTERS the hole, squirming and thrashing its way into the building. *

Higher up, Kelly climbs fast, hands gliding over the poles. She breaks out into the open, where a long, narrow pole runs on a slight incline up to the roof. She scampers across it, running the balance beam. *

She reaches the other side, on a ledge below the roofline, and reaches down, to help Sarah, who's struggling. *

KELLY *
DAD! COME ON! *

But the raptor springs and SLAMS into the scaffolding, shaking the whole structure. Sarah and Kelly have made it to the catwalk all the way at the top, but Malcolm is in a more vulnerable position and the impact makes him slip. *

The raptor climbs, closing in on him. Malcolm climbs again, but his mud-caked boots slip on the round metal bars and he loses his balance. *

He falls. A bar SMACKS him in the chest, knocking the wind out of him, and he drops, falling right past the raptor, CRUNCHING painfully into a maze of bars six feet below it. *

Kelly stares down in horror. Wrenched in among the bars, Malcolm is temporarily pinned as the raptor SNARLS and crouches, with an open attack route to her father. *

Up above, Kelly wipes the palms of her hands on her jeans and leaps out into space, grabbing hold of one of the bars. *

The raptor springs. *

Kelly spins around, over the top of the bar, and, at the very peak of her trajectory, she lets go. *

The raptor sails through the air, sickle-shaped claws extended, flying straight at Malcolm. *

But Kelly comes flying down from above, feet first, SLAMMING both of them squarely into the raptor's side, sending it hurtling into space. *

She lands hard and awkwardly, CLANGING into the spidery scaffolding next to Malcolm. But she holds on. *

The raptor, however, SMASHES through the rough metal wall of the building. *

155A OUTSIDE, 155A *

the raptor CRUNCHES into a sharp, rusty briar patch of pipes, wires, and machinery outside. It HOWLS in agony. *

155B INSIDE, 155B *

Malcolm and Kelly jump out of the scaffolding and THUD softly to the dirt floor, safe again. Malcolm looks up at Sarah, who's all the way at the top. *

MALCOLM
YOU'RE SAFER UP THERE! TAKE THE ROOFTOPS, JUST GET TO THE HELICOPTER! *

He turns back to Kelly proudly, but immediately his eyes widen. ANOTHER RAPTOR is digging its way through the hole and into the shed. Malcolm grabs Kelly and hauls her the hell out of there, SLAMMING the door behind them. *

This second raptor bursts through the hole, sees Sarah up above it, and leaps onto the scaffolding. *

156 EXT BUILDING NIGHT 156

A window in the slanted roof of the kiln building EXPLODES in a shower of glass as SARAH kicks through it and climbs outside. At the far end of the street, she can see the ROARING helicopter, her objective, only a few buildings away. She reaches the edge of the roof and leaps to the roof of the next building. *

She lands at the peak of the intersection of the two sides of sloping roof. As she pulls herself up --

-- the RAPTOR appears on the rooftop behind her. In full stride, it leaps, sails over her, and lands on the roof ahead of her.

Sarah swings to her left and starts to crawl down the slope, away from the raptor. Suddenly the roof board under her SPLINTERS and CRACKS under her weight. The whole section pulls up and starts to slide off the roof. Sarah, clinging to it, rides the roof planks down, away from the raptor.

She looks over her shoulder, down --

-- and sees ANOTHER RAPTOR, waiting for her on the roof of the building below.

Sarah quickly rolls off the sliding section of roof, which keeps falling. The raptor below jumps up, just in time to get WHACKED in the head by it.

Sarah tries to cling to the Spanish tile roof, fingers and nails slipping on the slick ceramic surface. She slides all the way to the edge, grabs hold of the gutter, and dangles there, suspended above one raptor and trapped below another.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED: 156

The raptor above works its way down. The one below leaps up, at her dangling legs. She has to lift them in time with its jumps, to avoid losing her feet. This can't go on for long.

Desperate, she pulls one of the Spanish tiles up from the roof and hurls it at the raptor below. It hits the animal in the head, for all the good that does.

But Sarah keeps on, pulling and throwing more tiles. She edges to the right, toward a fresh supply. The raptor above edges even closer, claws CLICKING on the slick roof.

As Sarah pulls the loose tiles free, the ones above slide down, to take their place. Suddenly an avalanche of loose tiles breaks loose and the footing underneath the raptor disintegrates. It slides to the edge amid the tumbling tiles.

Sarah, seeing it coming, swings in close to the building, hugging it as closely as she can. The raptor falls off the roof, right past her --

-- and CRUNCHES into the raptor below. Both animals SNARL and attack one another.

Now Sarah, her grip exhausted, falls too, landing right next to the enraged animals. They fight and roll, RIGHT OVER HER.

She GROANS and hugs the wood below her, the raptors continue to thrash and bite, they roll back, toward her, she rolls out of their way --

-- and plunges through a hole in the roof.

157 INT LAB NIGHT 157

Sarah falls through the roof of a deserted laboratory and lands in the tray of an old-fashioned hanging fluorescent light fixture.

One end of the fixture's support SNAPS, it drops at a 45 degree angle, Sarah slides out the other end and CRASHES through a window.

158 EXT STREET NIGHT 158

Sarah lands in the mud in the street below. Something reaches down and GRABS her immediately --

-- but it's only MALCOLM. He pulls her to her feet and drags
her into the street, joining KELLY. The three of them take *
off, down the street. The helicopter's searchlight picks *
them up, a brilliant pool of white light that guides them to *
the main building. They duck inside and SLAM the heavy door
behind them. Safe. *

CUT TO:

159 EXT MAIN BUILDING ROOF NIGHT 159 *

A few minutes have gone by, the helicopter is now one of two, * and its light is trained on SARAH, NICK, MALCOLM, and KELLY as they are loaded aboard the big Huey that hovers just over the * roof of the main building.

Malcolm SHOUTS over the prop wash, to one of the INGEN WORKERS loading him aboard.

MALCOLM
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?! THERE MUST BE MORE SURVIVORS!

INGEN WORKER
ANOTHER CHOPPER'S GETTING THEM! GET ABOARD! I GOTTA GET YOU OUT OF HERE, NOW!

Malcolm helps Kelly into the helicopter, then finally climbs aboard himself. The InGen worker SLAMS the door, SLAPS the helicopter twice, and it rises up into the air.

160 INT HELICOPTER NIGHT 160

NICK is slumped against the far wall of the chopper, drained. MALCOLM has one arm around KELLY, the other around SARAH. Kelly has buried her face in Malcolm's shoulder and is crying softly.

MALCOLM
Shhh . . . it's okay . . . it's over now . . . it's over . . .

Nick reaches into his pocket and pulls out two long, unmistakeable rifle slugs.

He's the one who unloaded Roland's gun.

NICK
There's one souvenir they won't be taking with them.

Sarah turns and looks out the window, for one last glance at the island. But what she sees practically sucks her forward, right through the glass.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: 160

SARAH
Oh, my God.

The others look up.

Sarah lunges across the helicopter, to the other window, for a better look. Whatever it is, she sees it there too.

SARAH (cont'd)
Oh, my God, no!

The others move, to see what she sees.

161 OUT THE WINDOW, 161

the helicopter is passing over the ruined campsite. In the middle of the clearing, there is a profusion of worklights that light up the area, bright as daylight. A dozen InGen WORKERS are down there, and two other helicopters circle the area in anticipation.

The focus of all this attention is the TRANQUILIZED T-REX. It's lying on its side, unconscious, as half a dozen workers pull a tarp up over it. One of the waiting helicopters is lowering a giant girdle into place, a harness they will use to lift the sedated beast.

They GASP and look beyond it, to the shore of the island. A huge barge, lit up like an oil platform at night, is steaming toward the island. Ready to transport heavy cargo.

162 BACK IN THE HELICOPTER, 162

Sarah and the others are shocked, appalled.

NICK
We've lost. *

MALCOLM
Okay. Now I'm mad. *

CUT TO:

163 EXT RUINED CAMPSITE NIGHT 163

Down on the ground, there is an intense amount of activity around the felled tyrannosaur, now completely covered except for its head. An INGEN WORKER is checking the animal's condition, peering into its big, open, sightless eye.

PETER LUDLOW gives orders to two more INGEN WORKERS. They have to raise their voices to be heard over the drone of the helicopters overhead.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: 2 163

He climbs in, sits down next to the open doorway, and stares out at the scene he has helped create. *

The helicopter rises up and away, lifting slowly away from the enormous, stilled body of the tyrannosaur, which dissolves over -- *

DISSOLVE TO: *

164 EXT SAN DIEGO SKYLINE NIGHT 164

-- red anti-collision lights that blink atop the skyscrapers of downtown San Diego, shrouded in fog. It's very late and there aren't many lights on as we fly over the ocean, toward the city. PETER LUDLOW'S VOICE guides us in.

LUDLOW (v.o.)
Fifteen years ago, John Hammond had a dream. Like John himself, the dream was grand, it was outsized, it was bold and impractical. And it was not to be.

We draw closer to the shoreline. Up ahead, there is an enormous waterfront complex, brightly lit up with worklights. Two tall cranes tower over the loading docks and an enormous flatbed truck waits between them, ready to take offloaded cargo.

On the bed of the truck is a large cage, designed with heavy security in mind. It's got lights all over it, triple reinforced bars, and tranquilizer ports where rifles have been fitted into place, pointing at every corner of the cage.

LUDLOW (v.o.)
Well, half an hour from now, John
Hammond's dream, re-imagined, will *
come true. *

There are at least fifty people crowded around the dock -- HANDLERS, LOADERS, CRANE OPERATORS, and SECURITY GUARDS.
PETER LUDLOW himself is talking to a group of two dozen INGEN *
EXECUTIVES and STOCKHOLDERS who have turned up at this ungodly
hour. He mills around among them, giving a sort of pep talk. *

LUDLOW (cont'd)
For one one-hundredth the cost of
building a destination resort
thousands of miles away, tonight
we'll christen Jurassic Park San *
Diego with a mega-attraction that's *
going to drive turnstile numbers to *
rival any theme park in the world. I
want to thank each one of you for *
being intrepid enough to turn up *
at three in the morning to -- *

The HARBOR MASTER, an anxious man wearing a radio headset, is
trying to get Ludlow's attention. *

LUDLOW (cont'd)
(to the others) *
Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: 164

He steps aside with the Harbor Master, who WHISPERS urgently to him. *

HARBOR MASTER
The ship. It's here.

LUDLOW
It's early?

HARBOR MASTER
It's -- you'd better come look.

Grinning a politician's grin, Ludlow makes a "Just one minute!" gesture to the group and walks off with the Harbor Master. *

As they approach the Harbor Master's shack, Ludlow sees a car pull up outside the security fence. MALCOLM and SARAH get out, but a SECURITY GUARD immediately stops them, preventing them from entering.

GUARD
I'm sorry, this is private property,
I'm going to have to --

LUDLOW
It's all right, I invited them.
(to Malcolm and Sarah)
The loyal opposition, eh? Come on
in. I was hoping you'd want to see
this.

The Harbor Master is still dogging Ludlow, very anxious.

HARBOR MASTER
Sir, you need to look at this.

165 INT HARBOR MASTER'S SHACK NIGHT 165

LUDLOW hurries into the Harbor Master's shack. The HARBOR MASTER slips back behind his console and points to his radar screen.

HARBOR MASTER
Look, that's their transponder
signal, "Venture 5888." They're
headed into port, but I can't raise
them.

LUDLOW
Try again.

He plugs his radio headset back into the console as MALCOLM and SARAH come into the shack. The ship's engines are faintly audible, somewhere out at sea.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: 165

HARBOR MASTER
Skipper S.S. Venture, this is InGen
Harbor Master, do you copy, over?

They look out the glass windows of the Harbor Master's shack. Outside, all they can see is a wreath of fog hanging over the ocean. Somewhere beyond it, the ship is approaching, the THROB of its engines growing louder.

HARBOR MASTER (cont'd)
(into mike)
Skipper S.S. Venture, you are
approaching the breakwater at flank
speed, reduce at once! Over.

From somewhere out in the fog over the ocean, there is a muffled GROANING, CRASHING sound. The assembled CROWD MUTTERS with concern, some get to their feet.

HARBOR MASTER (cont'd)
S.S. VENTURE, THIS IS INGEN HARBOR
MASTER, YOU ARE ENTERING A DOCKING
AREA AT TWENTY-SIX KNOTS, MAKE YOUR
ENGINES FULL REVERSE, REPEAT, YOU ARE
ENTERING --

He stops in the middle of his sentence, staring out the window. Now the CHURN of the boat's engines is almost on top of them.

THROUGH THE WINDOW,

they see the S.S. Venture, the cargo barge that was approaching Isla Sorna as they left, burst through the wreath of fog, headed straight for the InGen loading dock.

At full speed.

166 EXT DOCK NIGHT 166

Panic reigns. The assembled crowd has maybe nine seconds to get the hell out of there before the ship crashes right into the dock, and they put it to good use. EXECUTIVES, ANIMAL HANDLERS, SECURITY PERSONNEL -- everybody leaps to their feet and takes off, running every which way.

MALCOLM, SARAH, LUDLOW, and the HARBOR MASTER come spilling out of the shack and take cover as best they can.

167 OUT ON THE OCEAN, 167

the S.S. Venture drowns the "No Wake" buoys with its enormous wake, it swamps two smaller boats, and it cuts a huge anchored yacht right in half as it homes in on its destination -- the InGen port.

168 ON THE DOCK, 168

the last of the people are just diving out of the way as the S.S. Venture plows into the head of the pier. With a horrible SCREECHING and SNAPPING of metal and lumber, a good seventy-five yards of the pier is ripped in half.

The bow of the ship hits a transformer and the power on the dock blows in a great blue CRACK, plunging everything into semi-darkness.

The big boat smashes and crashes its way through the Harbor Master's shack, the crane trucks, the flatbed, the special cage, and anything else in its way before it GROANS to a halt.

For a moment, it just looms there, a towering, terrifying ghost ship. Then, on the dock, HEADS start to peek out of hiding places.

169 EXT DECK OF SHIP NIGHT 169

MORE HEADS pop over the edge of the ship's deck as GUARDS climb a ladder and jump on board. The first Two Guards carry large flashlights which they swing around the deck, looking for some kind of explantion.

GUARD
Oh, my God.

He drops his hands onto his knees, breathing hard. Whatever he sees is horrible. One by one, the people who climb aboard the ghost ship stop, horrified looks on their faces, and clap their hands to their mouths.

Now MALCOLM, SARAH, and LUDLOW climb aboard the ship.

LUDLOW
What the hell happened?! Where's the crew?!

GUARD
(sickened)
All over the place.

They make their way slowly across the deck, which is streaked with blood and shadowy shapes that may be body parts. Giant shackles and restraining devices lie in fragments, the girdle that was used to lift the rex off the ground on the island is torn to shreds.

MALCOLM
We've got to get off this boat.

SARAH
(to Ludlow)
What in God's name have you done?!

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: 169

MALCOLM
We've got to get off this boat RIGHT NOW.

LUDLOW
Check the cargo hold! Maybe the crew's hiding down there!

Midships, two heavy steel doors are built into the deck, covering the hold below. The doors are partially opened, tenting up in the middle. The low HUM of a motor comes from under the deck and one of the doors vibrates up and down, as if trying to close the rest of the way, but obstructed. *

Malcolm notices an electric panel built into the deck with large switches that control the door mechanism. But that's not what startles him -- *

-- it's the dead hand of the CREW MEMBER resting over it. Malcolm's eyes pop open and he SHOUTS to the Guards who are approaching the half-open doors. *

MALCOLM *
NO!! GET AWAY FROM THE- *

With a deafening CLANG, both cargo doors fly open the rest of the way. Guards sail into the air, thrown back by the enormous doors.

Ludlow and the others cower as a furious BELLOW comes from beneath them, amplified and echoing in the steel belly of the ship.

The TYRANNOSAUR springs up from belowdecks, landing on the deck in front of them. It ROARS once, furiously, and people scatter in every direction, some cowering behind equipment, others leaping overboard.

But the rex isn't interested in them, just in getting off this damned ship. It bounds forward, four or five quick strides, leaps once --

170 EXT DOCK NIGHT 170

-- and lands nimbly on the dock below. It strides forward, crushing flat any chairs and crates that fall underfoot.

171 EXT DECK OF SHIP NIGHT 171

Malcolm, Sarah, and Ludlow rush to the edge of the ship's deck and stare down. Below them, the T-rex walks right through the security fence that runs around the perimeter of the InGen waterfront complex. In the darkness of the wharf area, it is just an ominous silhouette as it walks right out of there, headed toward the skyline of the city in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: 171

Malcolm looks at Ludlow.

MALCOLM
Now you're John Hammond.

172 EXT WATERFRONT AREA NIGHT 172

Stomping forward and through another security fence, the T-rex knocks over a large wooden sign:

WELCOME TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

That, in turn, knocks over another sign:

No Fruits, Vegetables, or Animals
Beyond This Point

CUT TO:

173 EXT DOCK NIGHT 173

On the darkened dock, PEOPLE are getting the hell out of there. Engines ROAR to life as some split in their cars, others just run for it. PETER LUDLOW is staring, numbed, at the ruination of his dream. MALCOLM and SARAH confront him.

SARAH
WHY THE HELL WASN'T IT TRANQUILIZED?!

Ludlow turns to an INGEN WORKER beside him. *

LUDLOW *
You were there, before you got on the *
helicopter! Why wasn't it *
tranquilized?! *

INGEN WORKER *
It was! Roland hit it with two darts *
of concentrated Carfentanil, over ten *
milligrams! *

SARAH *
Ten milligrams?! That should have *
put it into a coma! *

INGEN WORKER *
It stopped breathing, so we gave it *
Naltrexone to counteract the effects. *
We didn't know how much to use, we *
didn't plan on tranquilizing the *
rexes at all, so we hadn't run any *
body weight calculations -- *

Ludlow staggers over to the cage that was built to contain the *
rex, which is now a twisted wreck. *

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: 173

SARAH *
(to the Worker) *
You administered an antagonist *
without knowing the proper dosage?! *
You put the animal in a narcoleptic *
state, that thing's a locomotive now! *
And it's dehydrated, it'll look for *
a water source. *

Ludlow tugs at one of the tranquilizer rifles that were fitted *
into ports on the side of the cage. *

LUDLOW
We were prepared for it here... I
swear to you...

MALCOLM
Are there any other animals still on
the boat?

INGEN WORKER
N-no. We brought the infant back on *
the plane. *

LUDLOW
(still tugging at a rifle)
We had these...see?...to tranquilize
it...

SARAH
(to Ludlow)
You have the infant?

LUDLOW
Yes, but... It's safe...

Sarah looks at Malcolm with an idea. She turns him aside,
excluding Ludlow.

MALCOLM
What?

SARAH
As soon as that animal drinks, it's *
going to try to find the next thing *
its body needs. We've got to get it *
back to this dock. All the
containment equipment is here, that
boat may still even be seaworthy --

MALCOLM
How in God's name would we get it to
come back?

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: 2 173

SARAH *
When we brought the baby to the *
trailers it came, didn't it?! *
There's no reason to think it *
wouldn't follow it here. *

She turns back to Ludlow, who finally manages to pull the tranquilizer rifle free. *

SARAH (cont'd) *
Where is the infant? *

LUDLOW *
It's in a guarded facility. Why? *

Sarah yanks the rifle away. Malcolm grabs him and pulls him to his feet. *

MALCOLM *
WHERE IS IT?! *

CUT TO:

174 INT BENJAMIN'S BEDROOM NIGHT 174

A little boy (BENJAMIN) lies asleep in bed. A few toy dinosaurs are scattered around the shelves of his room. The image of the little boy shimmers, as through water. A goldfish swims past him and we get it -- we're looking through his fish tank. Suddenly, the water in the fish tank seems to vibrate.

BMBB! The water vibrates again.

BMBB! Benjamin sits up in bed.

BMBB! Benjamin is concerned.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: 174

BENJAMIN

Daddy?

No answer. Benjamin sits up further, pulling the sheet up around him. Outside, a dog starts BARKING furiously. Benjamin looks across the room. The drapes are hanging open in front of both of his windows, affording a second-story view of the yard beyond, and the full moon up in the sky.

BENJAMIN (cont'd)

Shoot.

He gets out of bed. He walks slowly across the floor, toward the windows. He reaches the first and pulls the drapes shut with one quick, scared, little-boy tug.

Whew. Only one to go. He reaches for the drapes that hang open in front of the second window, his hand is just about there, when --

-- the TYRANNOSAUR walks past the window. Its big, boxy head is right at second story height, and it fills the entire window as it glides past silently.

Benjamin freezes, his hand shaking in midair. In spite of himself, he leans forward, to look out the window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW,

he sees the barking dog, a nasty, ugly pit pull chained in the doorway of its doghouse ("REX" is the name painted on the house). To the right of that, across the yard, he sees the tyrannosaur, bent over the family's swimming pool.

It drinks like a bird, sucking up a mouthful of water, then straightening to let it fall down its throat.

Rex (the dog) continues to BARK at the intruder.

Rex (the dinosaur) turns and looks at Rex (the dog). He finds him irritating. But the dog keeps barking, straining at its chain, dragging its doghouse closer and closer.

Upstairs, Benjamin turns and darts away from the window. The tyrannsoaur leans down, toward the dog. When it straightens up, it's got the whole doghouse in its mouth.

175 INT BENJAMIN'S PARENTS' ROOM NIGHT 175

As the barking stops outside, Benjamin's MOM and DAD are fast asleep. BENJAMIN shakes his dad frantically.

BENJAMIN

Dad! Dad!

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: 175

Benjamin's Dad rolls over, blinking sleep out of his eyes.

BENJAMIN (cont'd)
There's a dinosaur in our back yard!

176 INT BENJAMIN'S ROOM NIGHT 176

BENJAMIN drags his MOM and DAD back into his bedroom, over their sleepy protests.

DAD
Okay, Benjamin, okay, we're coming, we're coming. Where is it?

BENJAMIN
There.

They all look out Benjamin's window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW,

they see the tyrannosaur, chewing the remains of its midnight snack.

Rex the dog is gone, but its chain breaks between the tyrannosaur's teeth and the doghouse falls, SHATTERING on the patio.

IN THE BEDROOM,

Benjamin, his Mom, and his Dad all leap back, away from the window. Benjamin's mom SCREAMS her lungs out, a strange, high-pitched scream that sounds vaguely familiar.

OUTSIDE,

the tyrannosaur hears the screams and turns its head sharply. Something in the mother's wail rings a bell with it too -- it sounds like its baby's cries did, back on the island.

IN BENJAMIN'S BEDROOM,

they are scrambling to get out the door when the ENTIRE TYRANNOSAUR HEAD CRASHES THROUGH THE WALL.

The humans freeze, terrified, stuck in the doorway, as the head pokes in, looks around, takes a few good SNORTS to scent them all --

-- and then withdraws, leaving a gaping hole in the side of the house.

Benjamin's mom and dad are paralyzed with fear, but Benjamin runs forward, to the edge of the hole for one last look.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED: 176

OUTSIDE,

the tyrannosaur lumbers away, across the back yards, tripping motion sensor lights and enraging housepets as it goes.

CUT TO:

177 INT AMPHITHEATRE NIGHT 177

Sarah's car ROARS into a nearly finished amphitheatre in the InGen complex, the real-life version of the model Ludlow showed in the board room. It resembles a modern gladiator arena, with large signs that advertise JURASSIC PARK SAN DIEGO. There's still construction equipment scattered around the earthen floor. The car skids to a stop in a cloud of dirt and MALCOLM and SARAH leap out.

MALCOLM
There it is!

There is a row of cages under the raked seating areas, and only one of those cages is finished and lit. They run over to it and throw open the door.

178 IN THE CAGE, 178

the BABY TYRANNOSAUR is asleep on a bed of straw in one corner of the cage. Sarah drops down next to it and lifts one of its eyelids. Its pupil is enormous, and the eye doesn't move.

SARAH
It's heavily sedated. Give me a hand.

Together, they carry the infant out of the cage.

179 AT THE CAR, 179

Malcolm puts the top down as Sarah loads the still-sleeping baby into the back seat.

From behind, two SECURITY GUARDS come running in after them, SHOUTING to them to stop. *

GUARD *
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?! *

Malcolm turns on them. *

MALCOLM *
Taking the infant. If you really want to stop us, shoot us. *

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: 179

The Guards turn and look at each other, dumbfounded as Malcolm and Sarah jump into the car, Malcolm into the driver's seat. *

SARAH
(to Malcolm)
How are we going to find the adult? *

MALCOLM
Follow the screams. *

He hits the gas and the car takes off, straight at the overwhelmed Security Guards, who leap out of the way, SHOUTING ineffectively at them to stop. *

CUT TO:

180 EXT SUBURBAN STREET NIGHT 180

A grown man SCREAMS in terror. And well he should, for the adult TYRANNOSAUR is standing right in the middle of an intersection in a suburban neighborhood near the waterfront. The intersection has four corners, with a 7-11, a Starbucks, a Mercedes dealership, and a dance club. *

Screaming Man is behind the wheel of his car, looking up at the giant beast, which ROARS down at him in response. The man slams his car into reverse and hits the gas, but he SMASHES into another car, headed toward him.

Two more oncoming cars swerve wildly to avoid the rex and join the pile-up in the street. The terrified DRIVERS leap out and flee.

Next to the rex's head, the stoplight changes from green to red, which draws its attention. It turns, chomps down on the hanging light, and snaps its head, ripping the cables out of the power pole.

Sparks fly from the top of the power pole, stinging the animal. With one swipe of its massive head, the rex SNAPS the pole right off at the base and it bangs down into the street.

Power wires SNAP and fly like hair in the wind, tracing wild, sparking paths across the night sky. The lights flash and go out in every building on the corner.

A CITY BUS comes careening around the corner, startling the rex, which sets its feet and swipes its head, SMASHING into the side of the bus.

INSIDE THE BUS,

every window on that side SHATTERS and the terrified PASSENGERS lunge to the other side.

The bus, spinning out of control, SLAMS into the side of a video store. *

IN THE STREET,

the doors of the dance club burst open and CLUBGOERS who have heard the chaos come spilling out into the street. The rex turns and looks at them. *

Ah. Game.

The rex BELLOWS at the crowd, which flushes them, sending them running for their lives, the other way down the street.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED: 180

But the rex doesn't give chase. The terrified Clubgoers swarm down the block, a stampede. They reach the fallen power pole and leap over it, momentarily losing track of the rex, as do we. *

Suddenly, the rex steps out from between two buildings and appears in front of them, cutting off the herd of fleeing prey. The humans scatter, all except for one UNLUCKY BASTARD who hesitates a split second too long, caught right in the middle.

The rex snaps up the Unlucky Bastard and BANGS him down onto the asphalt, killing him. It SNAPS at one or two more humans, but half-heartedly, mostly just to run them off and keep them away from its kill.

It's just lowering its head to start eating when suddenly it stops, standing perfectly still. The street around it is quiet now, the people have fled, the ARCING of the power wires is the only sound. The rex tilts its head to the side --

-- and SNIFFS. Just once, almost delicately, as if sampling the night air. It smells something. It looks to its left. In the distance, over the top of a building, it can see the headlights of a single car approaching.

181 EXT/INT CAR NIGHT 181

MALCOLM drives, SARAH is in the back seat of the car, holding onto the sedated BABY REX. The top is down and they're headed straight toward the scene of all the chaos, past fleeing CLUBGOERS. *

MALCOLM
Make it cry or something!

SARAH
It won't!

MALCOLM
The adult's never going to hear it!

Sarah prods the baby, but for once it's sleeping peacefully.

SARAH
Come on, WAKE UP!

Malcolm turns and looks back at her as he races down the street, toward the rex's intersection.

MALCOLM
It's not gonna know we have it if the thing won't cry!!

Sarah's eyes, looking past Malcolm, pop wide open.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: 181

SARAH
IT KNOWS!

Malcolm turns, just in time to see the ADULT TYRANNOSAUR, straddling the intersection in front of them.

Malcolm SHOUTS, slams on the brakes, spins the wheel, and pulls the emergency brake, all at once. The car skids toward the rex, spinning around in a one eighty as it goes.

Sarah, in the back of the car, SCREAMS as she is now sliding straight toward the rex's teeth --

-- Malcolm pops off the brake and JAMS down the gas pedal --

-- the rex lunges --

-- and the car SQUEALS away as the rex's teeth CLICK shut on air just behind the rear wheels.

The car pulls away. And the rex gives chase.

182 EXT WATERFRONT DRIVE NIGHT 182

The car SCREAMS around a corner and onto Waterfront Drive, the road that runs along the harbor area, headed toward the InGen dock, now visible in the distance.

MALCOLM
IS IT BEHIND US?! IS IT THERE?!

Sarah looks back. The TYRANNOSAUR strides around the corner and onto Waterfront Drive, EXPLODING right through a Calvin Klein billboard as it continues the chase.

SARAH
Yes.

Malcolm barrels through an intersection just as three police cars, SIRENS screaming, ROAR through in front of him. He has to swerve to avoid them, and he careens up onto the sidewalk, where he SMASHES through a row of garbage cans.

Malcolm hauls Sarah's car off the sidewalk and back onto the street, but the decrease in speed has allowed the rex to close the gap. It'll surely catch them now, so Malcolm swerves sharply to the right. *

MALCOLM *
Hang on. *

As his car veers off, six police cars careen around the corner behind him, lights blazing. The enormous foot of the T-rex STOMPS down in front of them and all six SHRIEK to a halt, spin around the other way, and head back the way they came. *

182A INT WAREHOUSE NIGHT 182A *

Sarah's car smashes through the wall of the warehouse, taking out a partitioned office. It SCREECHES across the smooth floor of the empty warehouse and skids to a stop on the other side. *

The front end is crumpled from the impact, steam rising from it. The starter CLICKS dully; it's not going anywhere. But the far wall of the warehouse opens up toward the harbor, and the water is visible just ten yards beyond. Malcolm jumps out of the car and grabs hold of the baby. *

MALCOLM *
Come on! *

Sarah grabs the other end and they start toward the far wall, just as -- *

-- the adult rex SMASHES right through the flimsy construction of the warehouse wall and blasts inside. Sarah and Malcolm scramble out the rear door, carrying the baby between them, as the rex BELLOWS at the car in rage. *

182C EXT WATERFRONT NIGHT 182C *

Malcolm and Sarah, now carrying the baby between them, run flat out, toward the boat in the distance. *
*

Behind them, the rex comes back out the front of the warehouse and spots them racing away, down Waterfront Drive. It is about to give chase -- *
*
*

-- when two police helicopters ROAR over the tops of the waterfront buildings. Their searing searchlights grab the rex and hold him. He stares up at the helicopters in confusion, he SNAPS at them. He looks down, at the pools of light that move around his feet. He tries to STOMP on them, then SNAPS, trying to bite the moving objects.

183 EXT INGEN DOCK NIGHT 183

PETER LUDLOW stands on the deserted InGen dock, screaming into a cellular phone.

LUDLOW
TELL THEM TO SHOOT IT, YOU UNDERSTAND, SHOOT THE ADULT, BUT GET THE BABY BACK ALIVE! FIND MALCOLM AND HARDING AND --

He sees Malcolm and Sarah race onto the dock, carrying the infant, and start to climb the ladder on the side of the S.S. Venture.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
NEVER MIND!

He hangs up the phone and takes off after them. By the time he reaches the ship they've already made it over the top and onto the deck.

Ludlow starts up the ladder, rung by rung. In the distance, the ROARING helicopters draw closer. But Ludlow, single-minded, continues on, to the top of the ladder.

184 EXT DECK OF SHIP NIGHT 184

LUDLOW climbs over the railing of the ship, just in time to see MALCOLM and SARAH leap off the other side and hear them SPLASH into the sea below.

LUDLOW
Hey! What did you do with it?!
They've got the adult cornered and
I want that infant, you hear me?!

He runs to the opposite rail, but sees only the darkened sea below. From belowdecks, he hears the CRYING of the infant rex. He races over and looks down, into the hold, where he sees the animal, cowering in a corner.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
Thank God.

In the distance, the DRONE of helicopters grows steadily louder. Ludlow climbs down, into the hold.

185 IN THE HOLD, 185

Ludlow reaches the baby rex and lifts it into his arms, over its CRIES and thrashings. *

LUDLOW
Come on, for God's sake, just get
up already -- !

Above, there is a loud THUD and the entire boat lurches. Ludlow almost loses his balance, but catches himself.

LUDLOW (cont'd)
The hell?

He looks up, through the open cargo hatch, and the adult TYRANNOSAUR'S HEAD moves into view, lit by the distant searchlights of the approaching helicopters. The baby rex looks up and SQUEAKS excitedly. The adult rex COOS and GURGLES back.

Ludlow just stands there, caught red-handed. Carefully, he *
puts the baby back down and backs away. He freezes -- *

-- and the adult jumps down, into the hold. *

It stands, towering over him, looking at him curiously, *
deciding what to do. But instead of killing him, the rex *
bends down and just BUMPS him with its head, knocking him *
over, toward the baby. Ludlow lands hard, CRUNCHING to the floor. The adult leans down and nudges the baby, bumping it over toward Ludlow, like a matchmaker.

LUDLOW
WHAT WHAT WHAT D-DO YOU --

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED: 185

But the baby understands. It gets up and toddles over to Ludlow excitedly. Ludlow scrambles to his feet. The baby runs toward him, so he turns and runs away.

But in an instant, the adult brings its head down, knocking Ludlow to the ground. Then it raises its head again. Watching. Waiting.

Ludlow gets up again and tries to run, but the adult strikes, knocking him over again.

Ludlow tries to crawl away on all fours. The adult bends down and closes its jaws around one of his legs. It bites down decisively and the bone breaks with a dry SNAP. Ludlow HOWLS in pain, unable to move, and the baby toddles forward eagerly. It leaps up, onto his chest, and opens its jaws wide.

Peter Ludlow SCREAMS.

186 EXT DOCK NIGHT EXT DOCK NIGHT 186

MALCOLM and SARAH crawl out of the ocean and pull themselves back up onto the dock at the base of the boat, soaked and breathless.

Sarah, frantic, sees the wreckage of the cage that was designed to hold the rex. She runs to it and picks up the tranquilizer gun that Ludlow wrenched free earlier. *
*
*

Above them, there are now half a dozen helicopters that have found the rex and are hovering over it, shining their spotlights down on it.

MALCOLM
Oh God.

186A EXT DECK OF SHIP NIGHT 186A *

SARAH and MALCOLM climb over the edge of the deck of the ship, Sarah still clutching the tranquilizer rifle. *
*

Above them, doors slide open on the sides of the helicopters and RIFLEMEN appear, training their weapons on the animal below.

MALCOLM
They're going to kill it.

ON THE HELICOPTERS,

the Riflemen raise their weapons and train it on the beast below.

IN THE HOLD,

(CONTINUED)

186A CONTINUED: 186A

the rex ROARS up at the noisy flying machines in anger and desperation.

ON DECK,

Sarah and Malcolm race forward to where they can just peer into the hold. Sarah raises the tranquilizer rifle, sighting in on the rex's neck as it BELLOWS skyward, a cry of rage and confusion. *

Sarah pulls the trigger.

187 IN MIDAIR, 187

a single tranquilizer dart FOOOMS out of the barrel of the gun in ultra-slow motion. First, the slender thread of its silver needle appears, then the translucent container that carries the solution itself, and finally, tiny, multi-colored feathers pop up and brace for flight as they emerge from the gun.

187A ON DECK, 187A *

Malcolm lunges over to the electric controls for the doors to the ship's hatch. He hits the big red button the InGen worker hit earlier and the electric doors WHIR to life, rising up off the deck. *

The rex GROANS and staggers onto one foot, staring straight up at Malcolm and Sarah as the tranquilizer takes effect. It looks directly at them with its ancient, yellowing eyes, as the heavy metal doors pinch together, closing over it. *

DISSOLVE TO:

188 OMITTED 188

188A INT MALCOLM'S APARTMENT NIGHT 188A *

A herky-jerky image on a television screen shows the same ocean barge making its way across smooth seas in the middle of the night. Several helicopters are circling the barge, their searchlights playing over its deck, but the cargo hold doors are still firmly fastened. *

We're looking at the view from one of the helicopters, as a news crew shoots the images of the boat below. The "CNN" logo is in the corner of the screen, and an ANCHORMAN's voice comes over. *

ANCHORMAN (o.s.) *

-- and right there, there's a really first rate shot of the deck of the ship, and the cargo hold that, for the moment anyway, contains the animal itself, presumably with the infant alongside. What a remarkable moment it will be, waiting for those big doors to open, and the world to get its first look at this creature that has so completely captured our imaginations. Now, by our calculations, they should be nearing the halfway point of the trip -- Jim, can you still hear me there? *

A CORRESPONDENT's voice joins the Anchorman, on a cellular phone from the helicopter. *

(CONTINUED)

188A CONTINUED: 188A

VOICE (o.s.)
Yes I can, Bernard, we are in fact halfway to the island, it is two hundred and six nautical miles from our present location. The ship is moving at about twenty knots, which will put it in at eleven thirty a.m., Eastern time -- *

ANCHORMAN
Twenty knots, that's about thirty miles an hour. A bit slow for a vessel of that size, isn't it? *

VOICE (o.s.)
It is, absolutely. One of the Navy's primary concerns through all of this has been safety, and if we take another look at the ever-growing escort around the ship -- *

The camera on the helicopter zooms back, revealing three COAST GUARD SHIPS escorting the barge, two on either side and one behind. Even further back, TWO HUGE NAVY CRUISERS are escorting the escorts. *

VOICE (o.s.)
-- they are taking no chances of a repeat of the San Diego incident. *

As the round-the-clock coverage continues, we drift off of the television. We're in an apartment, a modest one somewhere in New York. By the flickering TV, we see a big sofa that has been folded out and made into someone's bed. MALCOLM, SARAH, and KELLY are all asleep, passed out in front of the TV. *

Malcolm, in the middle, shifts in his sleep, waking Kelly. She blinks, orienting herself. She sees Malcolm and Sarah, arms around one another, and she smiles. *

She sits up, pulls a folded blanket from the end of the bed, and drapes it over them. *

ANCHORMAN
(on the television)
Okay, we're going to take a moment here and run the tape of our interview earlier today with John Hammond, the former head of InGen BioEngineering, the man who has come forward to spearhead the movement not only to return these animals to their island, but to keep the island itself intact. *

188A CONTINUED: 2 188A

On the TV, JOHN HAMMOND, still weakened but much better than *
when we last saw him, is sitting in a chair in his apartment, *
dressed now, giving an interview. *

HAMMOND *
It is absolutely imperative that we *
work with the Costa Rican Department *
of Biological Preserves to establish *
a set of rules for the preservation *
and isolation of that island. These *
creatures require our absence in *
order to survive, not our help. *

Kelly slips under the blanket and curls up next to her father. *

HAMMOND (v.o.) *
If we can only step aside, and trust *
in nature -- *

DISSOLVE TO: *

188B EXT ISLA SORNA DAY 188B *

Back on Isla Sorna, the tyrannosaur family unit has been *
reunited as well. The MALE, FEMALE, and INFANT REX stand on a *
ridge, looking out over the magnificence of the island. *

In the distance, a herd of STEGOSAURS forages on an open *
plain. Far to the right, a group of HADROSAURS drinks from a *
watering hole. *

HAMMOND *
-- life will find a way. *

FADE OUT.

ADDITIONAL SCENE SHOT 2/8/97

TO BE INSERTED AFTER SCENE 32

INT TRAILER DAY

MALCOLM storms into the trailer, pulling KELLY by the hand. He takes a look around. The place is a mess, blankets and food wrappers all around. He raises an eyebrow at Kelly as he heads for the radio console.

MALCOLM
Looks like your room.

KELLY
I was gonna clean it up.

He reaches the radio console as Kelly starts to straighten up. Sarah comes in the door of the trailer.

SARAH
(trying to make nice)
Iiiiian, come on, don't be mad. I was going to call you in a day or so, let you know where I was. I always do, don't I?

He grunts, working with the radio.

SARAH (cont'd)
Come on, I'm the best kind of girlfriend there is -- one who travels a lot. You like that. You love your independence.

Malcolm glances uncomfortably at Kelly, not wanting to have this conversation in front of her.

MALCOLM
(to Sarah)
I got used to being apart, that's all. It doesn't mean it's how I want to live. Kelly, do you mind? This is kind of private.

Kelly makes a half-hearted move toward the door, but she wouldn't miss this for the world.

SARAH
Look, if you really wanted to rescue me from something, why didn't you bail me out of that fundraiser at the museum three weeks ago like you said you would?

MALCOLM
Out of the -- is this really pertinent?

CONTINUED:

SARAH
Yes! Why didn't you rescue me from that dinner with _your_ parents you were an hour late for? Why don't you ever rescue me when I really need it? Why not actually _be_ there every time you promise you will? I have made a career out of waiting for you!

KELLY
You know, Sarah's got a pretty goo-

Malcolm turns and holds up a finger at her.

MALCOLM
It's _so_ important to your future that you not finish that sentence.

Kelly obliges, stifling a smile.

SARAH
I love that you rode in here on a white horse, Ian, I really do. It's very dramatic. Very touching. But I need you to show up in a cab once in a while too.

Kelly finally starts to go out the door.

MALCOLM
Kelly! What are you doing?! Don't go out there, it isn't safe, stay in here.

SARAH
I know what I'm doing here. You guys should definitely go, but I'm staying. I love you. I just don't need you right now.

MALCOLM
I'll tell you what you need, a good anti-psychotic, that's what you need.

SARAH
I'll be back in five or six days.

MALCOLM
You'll be back in five or six _pieces_.

SARAH
(getting angry)
What bothers you is I'm not afraid of this place, and you are!

CONTINUED: 2

MALCOLM
Of course I am! That's the whole... All I want is for you to stop acting like if you got yourself killed you wouldn't leave a hole in the world. A giant, unfillable hole. In my world.

She puts her arms around him and kisses him.

SARAH
Wow. Nice talking.

MALCOLM
What else could have brought me back here?

Sarah smiles, her eyes drifting off him.

MALCOLM (cont'd)
(thinks he's won)
What are you thinking?

SARAH
I'm thinking...
(now it's clear, she's staring at something out the window)
...that high hide they're putting up must stand fifty feet above the canopy.

MALCOLM
(exasperated)
Sarah --

SARAH
They're not gettin' me up there. I get more than five feet off the ground and everything starts to spin.

MALCOLM
It's like talking to an oil painting.

SARAH
You can't do this kind of work up in a tower anyway, you have to be out in the field, as close to the animals as possible.

KELLY
Hey. What's that sound?

CONTINUED: 3

They stop and listen. A low RUMBLING is coming from somewhere in the distance. His brow furrows with concern as it draws closer, a real THUMPING now.

MALCOLM
Helicopters.
(to Sarah)
You think you're afraid of heights now, wait till I drag you up into one of those choppers!

He grabs Kelly by the hand and runs out of the trailer.

CUT TO: